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LONGFELLOW'S
The Golden Legend

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THE GOLDEN LEGEND

BY

HENRY WADSWORTH LONGFELLOW

WITH NOTES

BY

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PREFACE.

THE *Golden Legend* was first published in 1851. The title was derived from the epithet given to Voragine's *Legends of the Saints*, "*Aurea Legenda*," which was said by its admirers to exceed all other books, as gold passeth in value all other metals. So the story upon which this poem is founded "seems to me," says Longfellow, in his original note, "to surpass all other legends in beauty and significance. It exhibits amid the corruptions of the Middle Ages, the virtue of disinterestedness and self-sacrifice, and the power of Faith, Hope, and Charity, sufficient for all the exigencies of life and death."

The story was first told by a Minnesinger of the twelfth century, Hartmann von Aue, in the poem entitled *Der Arme Heinrich.* The hero, a man of wealth and noble birth, is suddenly stricken with leprosy, which he is told can only be cured by the sacrifice of the life of a maiden who may be willing to die for him. This maiden is found in the family of one of "Poor Henry's" tenants, who receives him after the world has cast him off. Her offer to die for her lord is accepted, and they travel to-

gether to Salerno, where the sacrifice is to be made. But at the last moment Henry refuses to accept life at this price, is miraculously cured, and returns home with the peasant girl, whom he makes his wife.

The *Golden Legend* forms the second part of Longfellow's *Trilogy of Christus*, of which *The Divine Tragedy*, or Life of Christ, is the first part, and *The New England Tragedies*, a picture of modern Christianity, the third. The notes to the present edition of *The Golden Legend* are intended to offer the general reader sufficient explanation of whatever may be obscure in the allusions to a time but little understood; while they will enable the student to pursue his investigation into the details of mediæval life presented in literary, artistic, and historical authorities within easy reach. He will at the same time be struck by the fidelity of the picture which the poet here draws, not merely of the century of the great awakening, the thirteenth, but of that entire transitional period which the French, more accurate than ourselves, call *le moyen âge* — the Middle Age. S. A. B.

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PROLOGUE.

THE SPIRE OF STRASBURG CATHEDRAL.

Night and Storm. LUCIFER,* *with the Powers of the Air,*† *trying to tear down the Cross.*

LUCIFER. Hasten! hasten!
O ye spirits!
From its station drag the ponderous
Cross of iron, that to mock us
Is uplifted high in air!

VOICES. O, we cannot!
For around it
All the Saints and Guardian Angels

* *Lucifer.* The Light-bearer, applied by the ancients to Venus when morning-star. As the Chaldeans studied the stars, and claimed to be under their special protection, the name was given by Isaiah (xiv. 12) to Nebuchadnezzar in his pride and subsequent fall. Similar words of Christ (*St. Luke* x. 18), "I beheld Satan as lightning fall from heaven," caused St. Jerome and other early Fathers to give the name Lucifer to Satan. (*v.* p. 66.) For the mediæval conception of the Evil Spirit, *v.* Milman's *Latin Christ.* Bk. xiv. ch 2.

† *Powers of the Air.* The idea that the air is filled with spiritual beings, good and evil, the region nearest the earth being the abode of the latter (*v. Eph.* ii. 2 and vi. 12), was derived from rabbinical sources, and was common to the Greeks and Romans. Connected with this was the prevalent notion that evil spirits have the power of raising storms and producing pestilences. (*v. King John*, iii. 2.) The cross, then, seems to mock the evil spirits into whose element it is raised.

8. *Guardian Angels.* The belief in the guardianship of man by angels was general in the Middle Ages. (*v. Antony and Cleopatra*, ii. 3; *Julius Cæsar*, iii. 2.) Thus Luther says: "We should be in despair if we saw for how many angels one devil makes work to do." The guardian angel accompanied the soul to heaven. (*v. Hamlet*, v. 2, and *Littell's Living Age*, No. 1080, 1.) Dogs howl at the approach of death because they can see the guardian angel ready to bear away the soul of the departed. (*v.* p. 99, note.) The Church proved the existence of tutelar spirits by *Acts* xii. 15.

Throng in legions to protect it;
They defeat us everywhere!

THE BELLS. Laudo Deum verum!
Plebem voco!
Congrego clerum.

LUCIFER. Lower! lower!
Hover downward!
Seize the loud, vociferous bells, and
Clashing, clanging, to the pavement
Hurl them from their windy tower!

VOICES. All thy thunders
Here are harmless!
For these bells have been anointed,
And baptized with holy water!
They defy our utmost power.

THE BELLS. Defunctos ploro!
Pestem fugo!
Festa decoro!

LUCIFER. Shake the casements!
Break the painted
Panes, that flame with gold and crimson;

11. The Latin of the Bells may be translated as follows: "I praise God the True! I call the people! I collect the clergy."

22. *Baptized.* The ceremony of baptizing bells, begun in the tenth century, has continued to modern times. It was supposed that demons were affrighted by the sound of consecrated bells calling to prayer; that destruction by lightning was averted, and the spirits of the storm defeated.

22. *Holy Water.* The use of a consecrated mixture of salt and water, dating from about 120 A. D., may be traced to pre-Christian practice, both Jewish and pagan. At the entrance to Greek temples the worshippers sprinkled themselves, and in the old Jewish ritual the people were sprinkled by the priests from a basin in front of the altar.

24. "I mourn the dead! I put to flight plague! I adorn feasts!"

28, 29. *Painted Panes.* Mosaics of colored glass were used for windows in

Scatter them like leaves of Autumn,
Swept away before the blast!

VOICES. O, we cannot!
The Archangel
Michael flames from every window,
With the sword of fire that drove us
Headlong, out of heaven, aghast!

THE BELLS. Funera plango!
Fulgura frango!
Sabbata pango!

LUCIFER. Aim your lightnings
At the oaken,
Massive, iron-studded portals!

St. Sophia, Constantinople, in the sixth century, and in Roman basilicas at the same time. Workers in glass were invited to England from France in the eighth century. In Germany, the first painted windows were those of the monastery of Hirschau, which were made by the monks themselves.

34. *Michael.* First among the archangels, the special protector of the Jewish nation, patron of warriors, leader of the angelic hosts, especially against the rebel angels; hence, here, an object of terror to evil spirits. (*v. Par. Lost*, vi.; Mrs. Jameson's *Sacred and Legend. Art*, i. 94.)

37. *Funera Plango.* "I lament (beat the breast at) funerals! I break thunderbolts! I establish Sabbaths!" Schiller took the words "*Vivos voco, Mortuos plango, Fulgura frango,*" which are inscribed on a bell of the Cathedral of Schaffhausen (1486), as the motto of his *Song of the Bell*. The idea of the personality of the bells is appropriately used here. They were thought to speak the feelings of the pious donor, or the voice of the church, as one at Strasburg: "I am the voice of life. I call you — come — pray." This personality is expressed in a *Song of the Bell* by a Swiss poet, quoted in *Hyperion*, Bk. iii. ch. 3.

"Say, how canst thou mourn?
How canst thou rejoice?
Art but metal dull!
And yet all our sorrowings,
And all our rejoicings,
Thou dost feel them all!"

Sack the house of God, and scatter
Wide the ashes of the dead!

VOICES. O, we cannot!
The Apostles
And the Martyrs, wrapped in mantles,
Stand as warders at the entrance,
Stand as sentinels o'erhead!

THE BELLS. Excito lentos!
Dissipo ventos!
Paco cruentos!

LUCIFER. Baffled! baffled!
Inefficient,
Craven spirits! leave this labor
Unto Time, the great Destroyer!
Come away, ere night is gone!

VOICES. Onward! onward!
With the night-wind,
Over field and farm and forest,
Lonely homestead, darksome hamlet,
Blighting all we breathe upon!

They sweep away. Organ and Gregorian Chant.†*

44. *Ashes of the dead.* Burial in churches was recommended by Gregory I., at the end of the sixth century, that prayers for the repose of the souls of the dead might thus be naturally suggested to relatives and friends.

47. *Martyrs.* Statues of saints and monarchs stand in the deep recesses of the portals of European churches, or were overthrown at the Reformation.

50. "I excite the slow! I scatter winds! I pacify the cruel!"

* *Organ.* Cassiodorus describes organs as early as the fifth century, but they were first used in church services about 657, being introduced into Europe by the Greek emperor. They owed their development to the monks who had learned to make and play upon them by the tenth century.

† *Gregorian Chant.* The musical ritual of the Roman church, first arranged

CHOIR. Nocte surgentes
Vigilemus omnes! *

by St. Ambrose, was reformed by Gregory I. (550–604), to give it greater gravity and simplicity. In every monastery the compulsory celebration of certain services in the choir seven times a day, beginning as here at midnight, made the study of sacred music obligatory. The Gregorian chant is still used in the services of the Roman Catholic Church.

63. "Rising at night, let us all watch!" The beginning of a hymn *Ad nocturnum*, by St. Gregory the Great, which may be found in Daniel's *Thesaurus Hymnologicus*, 175.

* The bells of Strasburg Cathedral, nine in number, although not forming a *carillon*, or chime, are noteworthy for their inscriptions. The largest, the "Holy Ghost" bell, weighing eight tons, was cast in 1375, and bears the motto, *O Rex Gloriæ Christus veni cum pace.* The second, the "Storm Bell," originally warned the traveller on the forest-covered plain of Alsace of the approach of storms, and directed him to a place of safety. The third bell bears a German inscription saying that its duty is to "ring out the bad and ring in the good," a striking coincidence with Tennyson's "Ring out the false, ring in the true." (*In Memoriam*, cvi.) The "Noon Bell," with the inscription quoted in the note on page 9, was removed during the French Revolution, when several hundred statuettes, which adorned the outside of the Cathedral, were overthrown, and never replaced. Some of the bells have been recast, one as early as 1351. (*v. Littell's Living Age*, civ. 753; *Chambers's Journal*, xxiv. 87.) The German artillerists spared the Cathedral as much as possible during the siege of 1870, and this masterpiece of German devotion and genius received but slight injury.

THE GOLDEN LEGEND.

I.

THE CASTLE OF VAUTSBERG * ON THE RHINE.

A chamber in a tower. PRINCE HENRY, *sitting alone, ill and restless. Midnight.*

PRINCE HENRY. I cannot sleep! my fervid brain
Calls up the vanished Past again,
And throws its misty splendors deep
Into the pallid realms of sleep!
A breath from that far-distant shore
Comes freshening ever more and more,
And wafts o'er intervening seas
Sweet odors from the Hesperides!
A wind, that through the corridor
Just stirs the curtain, and no more,
And, touching the æolian strings,

* *Vautsberg.* Upon the ruins of the mediæval castle of Vautsberg, or Vogtberg, below Bingen, a new castle, called Rheinstein, was built by a Prince of Prussia in 1825, and furnished in imitation of the knightly dwellings of the Middle Ages. The old ruin was described by Longfellow in a letter from Göttingen in 1829 (*v.* Samuel Longfellow's *Life of Longfellow*, i. 170), as the most beautiful one on the Rhine. Vautsberg was condemned as a stronghold of the robber barons who levied tolls upon travellers, and was destroyed about 1282.

8. *Hesperides.* Daughters of Atlas and Hesperis, guardians of the golden apples given to Juno on her marriage; hence, as here, the gardens where the apples were kept, wrongly identified with the Happy Islands, into which, as into the Elysian Fields, famous heroes passed without dying, or with the lands beyond the North Wind (hyperborean), where in perpetual sunshine people lived in peace a thousand years. (*v.* Hawthorne's *Wonder-Book*, — The Three Apples; Morris's *Earthly Paradise*, — "December").

Faints with the burden that it brings!
Come back! ye friendships long departed!
That like o'erflowing streamlets started,
And now are dwindled, one by one.
To stony channels in the sun!
Come back! ye friends, whose lives are ended,
Come back, with all that light attended,
Which seemed to darken and decay
When ye arose and went away!

They come, the shapes of joy and woe,
The airy crowds of long-ago,
The dreams and fancies known of yore,
That have been, and shall be no more.
They change the cloisters of the night
Into a garden of delight;
They make the dark and dreary hours
Open and blossom into flowers!
I would not sleep! I love to be
Again in their fair company;
But ere my lips can bid them stay,
They pass and vanish quite away!
Alas! our memories may retrace
Each circumstance of time and place,
Season and scene come back again,
And outward things unchanged remain;
The rest we cannot reinstate;
Ourselves we cannot re-create,
Nor set our souls to the same key
Of the remembered harmony!

Rest! rest! O, give me rest and peace!
The thought of life that ne'er shall cease

Has something in it like despair,
A weight I am too weak to bear!
Sweeter to this afflicted breast
The thought of never-ending rest!
Sweeter the undisturbed and deep
Tranquillity of endless sleep!

A flash of lightning, out of which LUCIFER *appears, in the garb of a travelling Physician.**

LUCIFER. All hail Prince Henry!

PRINCE HENRY, *starting.* Who is it speaks?
Who and what are you?

LUCIFER. One who seeks
A moment's audience with the Prince.

PRINCE HENRY. When came you in?

LUCIFER. A moment since.
I found your study door unlocked,
And thought you answered when I knocked.

PRINCE HENRY. I did not hear you.

LUCIFER. You heard the thunder:
It was loud enough to waken the dead.
And it is not a matter of special wonder
That, when God is walking overhead,
You should not hear my feeble tread.

PRINCE HENRY. What may your wish or purpose be?

LUCIFER. Nothing or everything, as it pleases
Your Highness. You behold in me

* The first travelling physicians were monks who left their monasteries, the seats of medical study, to wander through the land, devoting themselves to the sick. Their garb had a clerical character: a wide felt hat, a mantle, derived from statues of Æsculapius, fastened round the waist by a belt, to which were suspended a pilgrim's wallet and a bag containing mixtures, ointments, and vegetable extracts.

Only a travelling Physician;
One of the few who have a mission
To cure incurable diseases,
Or those that are called so.

PRINCE HENRY. Can you bring
The dead to life?

LUCIFER. Yes; very nearly.
And, what is a wiser and better thing,
Can keep the living from ever needing
Such an unnatural, strange proceeding,
By showing conclusively and clearly
That death is a stupid blunder merely,
And not a necessity of our lives.
My being here is accidental;
The storm that against your casement drives,
In the little village below waylaid me.
And there I heard with a secret delight,
Of your maladies physical and mental,
Which neither astonished nor dismayed me.
And I hastened hither, though late in the night,
To proffer my aid!

PRINCE HENRY, *ironically*. For this you came!
Ah, how can I ever hope to requite
This honor from one so erudite?

LUCIFER. The honor is mine, or will be when
I have cured your disease.

PRINCE HENRY. But not till then.

LUCIFER. What is your illness?

72. *Dead to life.* Prince Henry, being socially dead, is eager to learn of some means to resuscitate life, rather than to prolong it.

78. *Death a blunder.* Hence the search for the *elixir vitæ* (elixir of life), or for the Panacea, the universal remedy, which should prevent the accident of death. To the belief in the fountain in which one might bathe and become young again were due such expeditions as that of Ponce de Leon, by which Florida was discovered.

PRINCE HENRY. It has no name.
A smouldering, dull, perpetual flame,
As in a kiln, burns in my veins,
Sending up vapors to the head;
My heart has become a dull lagoon,
Which a kind of leprosy drinks and drains;
I am accounted as one who is dead,
And, indeed, I think that I shall be soon.
LUCIFER. And has Gordonius the Divine,
In his famous Lily of Medicine, —
I see the book lies open before you, —
No remedy potent enough to restore you?
PRINCE HENRY. None whatever!
LUCIFER. The dead are dead,
And their oracles dumb, when questioned
Of the new diseases that human life
Evolves in its progress, rank and rife.
Consult the dead upon things that were,
But the living only on things that are.
Have you done this, by the appliance
And aid of doctors?
PRINCE HENRY. Ay, whole schools
Of doctors, with their learned rules;
But the case is quite beyond their science.
Even the doctors of Salern
Send me back word they can discern

100. *Leprosy.* In the poem of Hartmann von Aue, "Poor Henry" is afflicted with actual leprosy, which the delicacy of a later age only suggests, while giving, however, its legal effect, which was social death.

103. *Gordonius.* Bernard Gordon, a Scotch professor at the Medical School of Montpellier, wrote in 1307 a treatise entitled *Lilium Medicinæ*, which was widely spread by translations from the original Latin.

109. *Oracles.* Cf.

> "The oracles are dumb.
> No voice or hideous hum," etc.
>
> Milton, *Ode to the Nativity.*

No cure for a malady like this,
Save one which in its nature is
Impossible, and cannot be!

LUCIFER. That sounds oracular!

PRINCE HENRY. Unendurable!

LUCIFER. What is their remedy?

PRINCE HENRY. You shall see;
Writ in this scroll is the mystery.

LUCIFER, *reading*. "Not to be cured, yet not incurable!
The only remedy that remains
Is the blood that flows from a maiden's veins,
Who of her own free will shall die,
And give her life as the price of yours!"
That is the strangest of all cures,
And one, I think, you will never try;
The prescription you may well put by,
As something impossible to find
Before the world itself shall end!
And yet who knows? One cannot say
That into some maiden's brain that kind
Of madness will not find its way.
Meanwhile permit me to recommend,
As the matter admits of no delay,
My wonderful Catholicon,
Of very subtile and magical powers!

PRINCE HENRY. Purge with your nostrums and drugs infernal

124. *Oracular*. The responses of the priests at the seats of Grecian oracles were expressed in a double sense, to preserve their reputation in any event, so that the word "oracular" has the meaning of ambiguous.

144. *Catholicon*. Another term for the Panacea, or universal remedy. Prince Henry understands it to mean a purgative mixture of powder and honey, instead of the alcohol which Lucifer offers him.

The spouts and gargoyles of these towers,
Not me! My faith is utterly gone
In every power but the Power Supernal!
Pray tell me, of what school are you?
LUCIFER. Both of the Old and of the New!
The school of Hermes Trismegistus,
Who uttered his oracles sublime
Before the Olympiads, in the dew
Of the early dusk and dawn of Time,
The reign of dateless old Hephæstus!
As northward, from its Nubian springs,
The Nile, forever new and old,
Among the living and the dead,
Its mighty, mystic stream has rolled;
So, starting from its fountain-head
Under the lotus-leaves of Isis,

152. *Hermes Trismegistus.* The Egyptian Thoth, counsellor of Osiris, identified by the Greeks with their own Hermes, and called Trismegistus, the thrice or superlatively greatest, because, while maintaining the unity of God, he asserted the existence of three supreme powers. To him were attributed the sacred books of the Egyptians, and he has hence been called the inventor of hieroglyphics, astrology, and other mysterious sciences. The works known by his name are, however, of the fourth century A. D., and were constantly appealed to by the alchemists of the Middle Ages. He is mentioned in Whittier's *Snow-Bound.* (*v.* also Longfellow's *Hermes Trismegistus.*)

154. *Olympiads.* The occurrence of the Olympian games every fourth year, at Elis, began to be used as a chronological era 776 B. C.

156. *Hephæstus.* Hephæstus was the Greek Vulcan, the god of fire and of metallic workmanship. Like Lucifer, he was thrust from heaven for an insult to Juno, falling "a summer's day" upon the island of Lemnos. (*v. Par. Lost,* i. 740.)

162. *Lotus.* An aquatic plant somewhat like the water-lily, bearing white flowers, the form of which was used in the capitals of Egyptian columns. In art the head of Isis was crowned with the lotus-flower. Of the effect of eating the fruit of the lotus-bush, a white bean also sacred to Osiris and Isis, *v. Odyssey,* Bk. ix., and Tennyson's *Lotus-Eaters.*

162. *Isis.* The female counterpart of Osiris; inventor of the cultivation of wheat and barley, goddess of the earth, identified with the Greek Ceres, afterward with the moon, as Osiris with Bacchus and the sun. Milton includes Isis, Osiris, and Orus among the fallen divinities. *Par. Lost,* i. 478, and *Ode to the Nativity.*

From the dead demigods of eld,
Through long, unbroken lines of kings
Its course the sacred art has held,
Unchecked, unchanged by man's devices.
This art the Arabian Geber taught,
And in alembics, finely wrought,
Distilling herbs and flowers, discovered
The secret that so long had hovered
Upon the misty verge of Truth,
The Elixir of Perpetual Youth,
Called Alcohol, in the Arab speech!
Like him, this wondrous lore I teach.

PRINCE HENRY. What! an adept?

LUCIFER. Nor less, nor more!

PRINCE HENRY. I am a reader of your books,
A lover of that mystic lore!
With such a piercing glance it looks
Into great Nature's open eye,

165. *Sacred art.* The name given by its devotees to alchemy, the art of transmuting baser metals into gold and of prolonging life by means of the *elixir vitæ*, an invigorating substance obtained by distillation. Alchemy was first practised at Alexandria in the third century, hence "starting under the lotus-leaves." From it chemistry was developed.

167. *Geber.* An Arabian alchemist, who probably flourished in the eighth century, and is said to have invented algebra and discovered several chemical substances. Longfellow in *Hyperion* (Bk. iii. ch. 8) makes him a resident of Spain; others of Mesopotamia. He is here the representative of the New School, as Hermes of the Old.

173. *Alcohol.* The art of distilling alcohol is included among the exploits of the alchemists of the fifteenth century, but a native of Languedoc, Arnauld de Villeneuve, who lived at the beginning of the fourteenth century, and investigated the relation of chemical science to medicine, is said to have been the first to make alcohol and spirits of wine.

175. *Adept.* A term peculiar to the Hermetic philosophy (that derived from Hermes Trismegistus), being given to the consummate proficients in alchemy. It was a tradition that there were always twelve adepts, and that the places of those who died were immediately supplied by others. Lucifer, therefore, assumes the highest position in the "sacred science," but Prince Henry laments that although "a lover of that mystic lore," he himself is not an adept.

And sees within it trembling lie
The portrait of the Deity!
And yet, alas! with all my pains,
The secret and the mystery
Have baffled and eluded me,
Unseen the grand result remains!

LUCIFER, *showing a flask.* Behold it here! this little flask
Contains the wonderful quintessence,
The perfect flower and efflorescence,
Of all the knowledge man can ask!
Hold it up thus against the light!

PRINCE HENRY. How limpid, pure, and crystalline,
How quick, and tremulous, and bright
The little wavelets dance and shine,
As were it the Water of Life in sooth!

LUCIFER. It is! It assuages every pain,
Cures all disease, and gives again
To age the swift delights of youth.
Inhale its fragrance.

PRINCE HENRY. It is sweet.
A thousand different odors meet
And mingle in its rare perfume,
Such as the winds of summer waft
At open windows through a room!

LUCIFER. Will you not taste it?

PRINCE HENRY. Will one draught
Suffice?

198. *Delights of youth.* This is what Arnauld de Villeneuve says of brandy, the invention of which has been wrongly attributed to him: "This *eau de vin* is called by some *eau de vie*, and justly so, since it prolongs life. . . . It prolongs health, dissipates superfluous matters, revives the spirits, and preserves youth."

LUCIFER. If not, you can drink more.

PRINCE HENRY. Into this crystal goblet pour
So much as safely I may drink.

LUCIFER, *pouring*. Let not the quantity alarm you;
You may drink all; it will not harm you.

PRINCE HENRY. I am as one who on the brink
Of a dark river stands and sees
The waters flow, the landscape dim
Around him waver, wheel, and swim,
And, ere he plunges, stops to think
Into what whirlpools he may sink;
One moment pauses, and no more,
Then madly plunges from the shore!
Headlong into the mysteries
Of life and death I boldly leap,
Nor fear the fateful current's sweep,
Nor what in ambush lurks below!
For death is better than disease!

An ANGEL *with an æolian harp hovers in the air.*

THE ANGEL. Woe! woe! eternal woe!
Not only the whispered prayer
Of love,
But the imprecations of hate,
Reverberate
For ever and ever through the air
Above!
This fearful curse
Shakes the great universe!

LUCIFER, *disappearing*. Drink! drink!
And thy soul shall sink
Down into the dark abyss,

Into the infinite abyss,
From which no plummet nor rope
Ever drew up the silver sand of hope!
PRINCE HENRY, *drinking.* It is like a draught of fire!
Through every vein
I feel again
The fever of youth, the soft desire;
A rapture that is almost pain
Throbs in my heart and fills my brain!
O joy! O joy! I feel
The band of steel
That so long and heavily has pressed
Upon my breast
Uplifted, and the malediction
Of my affliction
Is taken from me, and my weary breast
At length finds rest.
THE ANGEL. It is but the rest of the fire, from which the air has been taken!
It is but the rest of the sand, when the hourglass is not shaken!
It is but the rest of the tide between the ebb and the flow!
It is but the rest of the wind between the flaws that blow!
With fiendish laughter,
Hereafter,
This false physician
Will mock thee in thy perdition.
PRINCE HENRY. Speak! speak!
Who says that I am ill?
I am not ill! I am not weak!

The trance, the swoon, the dream, is o'er!
I feel the chill of death no more!
At length,
I stand renewed in all my strength!
Beneath me I can feel
The great earth stagger and reel,
As if the feet of a descending God
Upon its surface trod,
And like a pebble it rolled beneath his heel
This, O brave physician! this
Is thy great Palingenesis!

Drinks again.

THE ANGEL. Touch the goblet no more!
It will make thy heart sore
To its very core!
Its perfume is the breath
Of the Angel of Death,
And the light that within it lies
Is the flash of his evil eyes.
Beware! O, beware!
For sickness, sorrow, and care
All are there!

PRINCE HENRY, *sinking back.* O thou voice within my breast!
Why entreat me, why upbraid me,
When the steadfast tongues of truth
And the flattering hopes of youth
Have all deceived me and betrayed me?

276. *Palingenesis.* Re-creation; a word used by the alchemists, "who believed," says Longfellow in a letter, "that form is indestructible, and that out of the ashes of a rose the rose itself could be reconstructed, — if only they could discover the great secret of nature." It was accomplished by the application of heat in the experiment related by Sir Kenelm Digby. (*v.* Sir Thomas Browne's *Religio Medici*, ch. 48, note; also Longfellow's *Palingenesis.*)

Give me, give me rest, O rest!
Golden visions wave and hover,
Golden vapors, waters streaming,
Landscapes moving, changing, gleaming!
I am like a happy lover
Who illumines life with dreaming!
Brave physician! Rare physician!
Well hast thou fulfilled thy mission!

His head falls on his book.

THE ANGEL, *receding.* Alas! alas!
Like a vapor the golden vision
Shall fade and pass,
And thou wilt find in thy heart again
Only the blight of pain,
And bitter, bitter, bitter contrition!

COURT-YARD OF THE CASTLE.

HUBERT, *standing by the gateway.*

HUBERT. How sad the grand old castle looks!
O'erhead, the unmolested rooks
Upon the turret's windy top
Sit, talking of the farmer's crop;
Here in the court-yard springs the grass,
So few are now the feet that pass;
The stately peacocks, bolder grown,

307. *Rooks.* The ancient nobility prided themselves on having a rookery in the neighborhood of their castles, because rooks were regarded as birds of good omen. On this account no one was permitted to kill them under severe penalties.

312. *Peacocks.* The peacock was brought to Palestine by Solomon's ships from Persia, whither it was banished for assisting in the entrance of Satan to the Garden of Eden. It was introduced into Europe at a very early date, being mythologically sacred to Juno. Oriental legend represented it as immortal, receiving the attribute of the fabled phœnix, which became immortal or

Come hopping down the steps of stone,
As if the castle were their own;
And I, the poor old seneschal,
Haunt, like a ghost, the banquet-hall.
Alas! the merry guests no more
Crowd through the hospitable door;
No eyes with youth and passion shine,
No cheeks grow redder than the wine;
No song, no laugh, no jovial din
Of drinking wassail to the pin;
But all is silent, sad, and drear,
And now the only sounds I hear
Are the hoarse rooks upon the walls,
And horses stamping in their stalls!

A horn sounds.

What ho! that merry, sudden blast
Reminds me of the days long past!
And, as of old resounding, grate
The heavy hinges of the gate,
And, clattering loud, with iron clank,
Down goes the sounding bridge of plank,

refusing to eat of the forbidden fruit. In the Middle Ages the peacock was highly esteemed as an article of food, and it was brought to table in full plumage, amid a flourish of trumpets and the applause of the guests.

322. *Wassail.* The exclamation *Waes-hail*, "Health to you!" which greeted the returning Saxon warrior, became a salutation in England on New Year's Eve and Day over the spiced ale-cup, hence called the wassail bowl; the word was afterward applied to the drinking-bout itself. (*v. Hamlet*, i. 4; *Macbeth*, i. 7.)

322. *Pin.* King Edgar of Britain, to check the intemperance of the times, ordained that pins should be fastened into drinking cups at regular distances, and that whoever drank beyond his pin should be punished. As afterward whoever drank short of his pin or beyond it was obliged to drink again, the device encouraged the intemperance it was designed to prevent.

332. *Bridge of plank.* The gate takes the place of the usual portcullis, which was of iron, and had a row of sharp spikes sliding downwards in grooves in the masonry of the tower. The bridge is the draw-bridge over the moat, which was lowered to admit travellers. When the portcullis was down and the bridge raised, entrance or exit was impossible. (*v.* Scott's *Marmion*, vi.)

As if it were in haste to greet
The pressure of a traveller's feet!

Enter WALTER *the Minnesinger.**

WALTER. How now, my friend! This looks quite lonely!
No banner flying from the walls,
No pages and no seneschals,
No warders, and one porter only!
Is it you, Hubert?

HUBERT. Ah! Master Walter!

WALTER. Alas! how forms and faces alter!
I did not know you. You look older!
Your hair has grown much grayer and thinner,
And you stoop a little in the shoulder!

HUBERT. Alack! I am a poor old sinner,
And, like these towers, begin to moulder;
And you have been absent many a year!

WALTER. How is the Prince?

HUBERT. He is not here;
He has been ill: and now has fled.

WALTER. Speak it out frankly: say he 's dead!
Is it not so?

HUBERT. No; if you please,
A strange, mysterious disease
Fell on him with a sudden blight.
Whole hours together he would stand

* Walter von der Vogelweide (of the bird-meadow), one of the most celebrated of the minnesingers (minne=love); born near Botzen, in Austrian Tyrol, in 1170, he wandered with his violin over Central Europe, singing at the courts of the Emperor and lesser sovereigns; took part in the musical tournament of the Wartburg, 1207; accompanied Frederick II. on the Sixth Crusade, 1227; was buried within the precincts of the cathedral of Würzburg, where a monument was erected to his memory in 1843. His poems have been translated into modern German by Simrock, Schröter, and others. (*v.* Longfellow's *Walter von der Vogelweide*, and Scherer's *Hist. of Ger. Lit.*, i. ch. 7.)

Upon the terrace, in a dream,
Resting his head upon his hand,
Best pleased when he was most alone,
Like Saint John Nepomuck in stone,
Looking down into a stream.
In the Round Tower, night after night,
He sat, and bleared his eyes with books;
Until one morning we found him there
Stretched on the floor, as if in a swoon
He had fallen from his chair.
We hardly recognized his sweet looks!

WALTER. Poor Prince!

HUBERT. I think he might have mended;
And he did mend; but very soon
The priests came flocking in, like rooks,
With all their crosiers and their crooks,
And so at last the matter ended.

WALTER. How did it end?

HUBERT. Why, in Saint Rochus

360. *St. John Nepomuck.* St. John, a canon of St. Augustine, called "of Nepomuck" from his birth-place; refusing to divulge the confession of the wife of the Emperor Wenceslas V., he was thrown by the emperor's order over the bridge into the Moldau at Prague; hence he is the patron saint of silence, and in Bohemia and Austria of bridges and streams, and his statue stands on the bridge at Prague.

372. *Crosiers and crooks.* The bishop's pastoral crook is generally derived from the shepherd's crook, but certain antiquaries regard it, as well as the *lituus* of the ancient augurs, as intimately connected with the divining-rod, which was thought to be potent in the detection of metallic veins, hidden treasures, and water, and which Cox in his *Aryan Mythology* associates with the trident of Neptune, the spear of Apollo, and the cross of Osiris. (*v.* Hardwick's *Traditions, Superstitions, and Folk-Lore*, ch. 13.) The crosier (Old French *croisier*, Lat. *crux*) was the distinctive staff of an archbishop, terminating in a cross, instead of a curved head, like the bishop's crook.

375. *St. Rochus.* The chapel of St. Roch occupies the summit of a hill above Bingen. It contains an altar-piece given by Goethe, and is thronged on the Sunday after August 16, St. Roch's Day, by pilgrims offering prayers to the saint, who is the patron of the sick, and the averter of plague and pestilence. (*v.* Clement's *Legend. and Myth. Art*, 265.)

They made him stand, and wait his doom;
And, as if he were condemned to the tomb,
Began to mutter their hocus-pocus.
First, the Mass for the Dead they chanted,
Then three times laid upon his head
A shovelful of churchyard clay,
Saying to him, as he stood undaunted,
"This is a sign that thou art dead,
So in thy heart be penitent!"
And forth from the chapel door he went
Into disgrace and banishment,
Clothed in a cloak of hodden gray,
And bearing a wallet, and a bell,
Whose sound should be a perpetual knell
To keep all travellers away.

WALTER. O, horrible fate! Outcast, rejected,
As one with pestilence infected!

HUBERT. Then was the family tomb unsealed,
And broken helmet, sword and shield,
Buried together, in common wreck,
As is the custom, when the last
Of any princely house has passed,
And thrice, as with a trumpet blast,
A herald shouted down the stair
The words of warning and despair, —
"O Hoheneck! O Hoheneck!"

379. *Mass for the Dead.* Often called the requiem, from the opening words: *Requiem æternam dona eis, domine.* (*v. Hamlet*, v. 1.) The word "Mass" is derived from *Ite, missa est*, "Go, the congregation is dismissed," at the end of the office of the celebration of the Passion of Christ in the Catholic Church. Prayers for the dead were introduced about 190 A. D.

388. *Wallet and Bell.* Although leprosy is but indirectly alluded to, as on page 16, an exact description, even to the warning bell, is here given of the ceremony of excommunicating a leper, who was then considered socially and politically dead. This ceremony was common in the twelfth and thirteenth centuries, until the erection of leper hospitals.

401. *O Hoheneck!* To the ceremony of excommunication is here added the

WALTER. Still in my soul that cry goes on, —
Forever gone! forever gone!
Ah, what a cruel sense of loss,
Like a black shadow, would fall across
The hearts of all, if he should die!
His gracious presence upon earth
Was as a fire upon a hearth;
As pleasant songs, at morning sung,
The words that dropped from his sweet tongue
Strengthened our hearts; or, heard at night,
Made all our slumbers soft and light.
Where is he?

HUBERT. In the Odenwald.
Some of his tenants, unappalled
By fear of death, or priestly word, —
A holy family, that make
Each meal a Supper of the Lord, —
Have him beneath their watch and ward,
For love of him, and Jesus' sake!
Pray you come in. For why should I
With out-door hospitality
My prince's friend thus entertain?

WALTER. I would a moment here remain.
But you, good Hubert, go before,
Fill me a goblet of May-drink,
As aromatic as the May

service performed at the burial of the last of one's race, as when the herald challenges in vain an answer to his call, "O Hoheneck!"

416. *Fear of death.* Unappalled by fear of the penalty threatened those who should harbor an excommunicated person.

426. *May-drink.* *Mai-wein*, May-wine, the infusion of an aromatic plant in light Moselle or Rhine wine, a popular drink in Germany during the month of May, the flowering-time of the *Waldmeister* (Bot. *Asperula odorata;* Eng. "Woodroof"). The same plant grows wild on Blue Hill, Milton, Mass., and is cultivated by the Germans of New Jersey and Pennsylvania.

From which it steals the breath away.
And which he loved so well of yore;
It is of him that I would think.
You shall attend me, when I call,
In the ancestral banquet-hall.
Unseen companions, guests of air,
You cannot wait on, will be there;
They taste not food, they drink not wine,
But their soft eyes look into mine,
And their lips speak to me, and all
The vast and shadowy banquet-hall
Is full of looks and words divine!

Leaning over the parapet.

The day is done; and slowly from the scene
The stooping sun upgathers his spent shafts,
And puts them back into his golden quiver!
Below me in the valley, deep and green
As goblets are, from which in thirsty draughts
We drink its wine, the swift and mantling river
Flows on triumphant through these lovely regions,
Etched with the shadows of its sombre margent,
And soft, reflected clouds of gold and argent!
Yes, there it flows, forever, broad and still,
As when the vanguard of the Roman legions
First saw it from the top of yonder hill!
How beautiful it is! Fresh fields of wheat,
Vineyard, and town, and tower with fluttering flag,

433. *Unseen companions.* Cf. Uhland's *Passage:* "Take, O boatman, thrice thy fee," etc.; quoted from the *Edinburgh Review* in *Poets and Poetry of Europe*, and *Hyperion*, Bk. iii. ch. 6.

444. *Goblets.* The wine grown on the banks of the Rhine and its tributary rivers is drunk from colored glasses.

451. *Yonder hill.* The ruin called Klopp, or Drusus' Castle, above Bingen, though not itself Roman, probably occupies the site of a fort built by Drusus in one of his German campaigns, 12–9 B. C.

The consecrated chapel on the crag,
And the white hamlet gathered round its base,
Like Mary sitting at her Saviour's feet,
And looking up at his beloved face!
O friend! O best of friends! Thy absence more
Than the impending night darkens the landscape o'er

II.

A FARM IN THE ODENWALD.*

A garden; morning; PRINCE HENRY *seated with a book.*† ELSIE, *at a distance, gathering flowers.*

PRINCE HENRY, *reading.* One morning, all alone,
Out of his convent of gray stone,
Into the forest older, darker, grayer,
His lips moving as if in prayer,
His head sunken upon his breast
As in a dream of rest,
Walked the Monk Felix. All about

455. *Hamlet.* Bingen was raised to great prosperity in the fourteenth century by certain Italian families of merchants who settled there. Its name is pleasantly recalled by the Hon. Mrs. Norton's poem of the soldier of Bingen dying in Algiers.

* *Odenwald.* The forest of Odin, a picturesque district of Germany, in Hesse, between the Neckar and Main rivers. Through it runs the Bergstrasse, or Mountain Road, one of the most romantic highways of Europe. The forest is full of mythological associations; here Siegfried, the hero of the Nibelungen saga, was slain. (*v.* Hedge's *Hours with German Classics*, 40.)

† *Book.* For remarks upon the scarcity and value of books in the Middle Ages, *v.* Robertson's *Charles V.*, Introd. Note X. See also Additional Notes, at end of this book.

7. *Monk Felix.* This story was first told of a monk of the Netherlandish abbey of Afflighem, who meditated upon, or as some versions have it, presumed to doubt the truth of the text *II. Peter* iii. 8, and found that three hundred years had passed as he listened in ecstasy to the singing of a bird. It is also told of monks in other abbeys. (*v.* Thorpe's *Northern Mythology*, iii. 297.) It is similar to the legends of protracted sleep common to all countries

The broad, sweet sunshine lay without,
Filling the summer air;
And within the woodlands as he trod,
The dusk was like the Truce of God
With worldly woe and care;
Under him lay the golden moss;
And above him the boughs of hoary trees
Waved, and made the sign of the cross,
And whispered their Benedicites;
And from the ground
Rose an odor sweet and fragrant
Of the wild-flowers and the vagrant
Vines that wandered,
Seeking the sunshine, round and round.

These he heeded not, but pondered
On the volume in his hand,
Wherein amazed he read:
"A thousand years in thy sight

and times, from Epimenides and the Seven Sleepers of Ephesus to Rip Van Winkle. (*v.* Baring-Gould's *Curious Myths*, — The Seven Sleepers; also Cox's *Aryan Mythology*, Bk. ii. ch. 2.)

11. *Truce of God.* The name applied to a cessation of private conflicts enjoined by the Church at different times during the eleventh and twelfth centuries, by which laborers in the field, travellers, monks, pilgrims, women, and children were protected from attack during certain hours, or on certain feast or fast days, generally from Wednesday night of each week to the following Monday morning.

22–28. In the first edition this passage read as follows: —

"These he heeded not, but pondered
On the volume in his hand,
A volume of St. Augustine,
Wherein he read of the unseen
Splendor of God's great town
In the unknown land,
And with his eyes cast down," etc.

The allusion is to the passage in St. Augustine's *De Spiritu et Anima*, quoted in the note to p. 160.

Are but as yesterday when it is past,
And as a watch in the night!"
And with his eyes downcast
In humility he said:
"I believe, O Lord,
What is written in thy Word,
But alas! I do not understand!"

And lo! he heard
The sudden singing of a bird,
A snow-white bird, that from a cloud
Dropped down,
And among the branches brown
Sat singing
So sweet, and clear, and loud,
It seemed a thousand harp-strings ringing.
And the Monk Felix closed his book,
And long, long,
With rapturous look,
He listened to the song,
And hardly breathed or stirred,
Until he saw, as in a vision,
The land Elysian,
And in the heavenly city heard
Angelic feet
Fall on the golden flagging of the street.
And he would fain

47. *Land Elysian.* Homer (*Odyssey*, Bk. iv.) placed Elysium, or the Elysian Fields, on the west of the earth, near Ocean, the great encircling river, and described it as a happy land fanned by the breezes of Zephyrus. Hesiod and Pindar placed Elysium in the Happy Islands, whence arose the fabled Atlantis, west of the Pillars of Hercules. The Elysium of Virgil is part of the lower world, and the abode of the shades of the blessed; accordingly a poetic name of Heaven, to which the description of the Apocalypse is here applied. (*v. Rev.* xxi. 21.)

Have caught the wondrous bird,
But strove in vain;
For it flew away, away,
Far over hill and dell,
And instead of its sweet singing
He heard the convent bell
Suddenly in the silence ringing
For the service of noonday.
And he retraced
His pathway homeward sadly and in haste.

In the convent there was a change!
He looked for each well-known face,
But the faces were new and strange;
New figures sat in the oaken stalls,
New voices chanted in the choir;
Yet the place was the same place,
The same dusky walls
Of cold, gray stone,
The same cloisters and belfry and spire.

A stranger and alone
Among that brotherhood

59. *Service of noonday.* A prayer to the Virgin, beginning: *Angelus domini nuntiavit Mariæ*, followed by the *Ave Maria*, recited at morning, noon, and night, at the ringing of a bell; whence both the bell and the prayer are often called the *Angelus*.

"Sweetly over the village the bell of the Angelus sounded."
Evangeline.

Whoever heard the bell addressed himself at once to prayer, however he might be engaged. Thus Sir Thomas Browne says, in the *Religio Medici:* "I could never hear the Ave Mary bell without an elevation."

66. *Choir.* When the Roman basilicas were adapted to Christian worship, the choir was an enclosed space in the centre of the nave, but was afterward the eastern end of the church, in which were the stalls, and where the services took place. As these were musical, those taking part in them were subsequently called the choir.

The Monk Felix stood.
"Forty years," said a Friar,
"Have I been Prior
Of this convent in the wood,
But for that space
Never have I beheld thy face!"

The heart of the Monk Felix fell:
And he answered, with submissive tone,
"This morning, after the hour of Prime,
I left my cell,
And wandered forth alone,
Listening all the time
To the melodious singing
Of a beautiful white bird,
Until I heard
The bells of the convent ringing
Noon from their noisy towers.
It was as if I dreamed;
For what to me had seemed
Moments only, had been hours!"

"Years!" said a voice close by.
It was an aged monk who spoke,
From a bench of oak

74. *Friar.* From *frater*, a brother, the name assumed in humility by the Mendicant Orders — Dominicans, Franciscans, and Carmelites — in distinction from the members of the older Benedictine and Augustinian orders, who were called monks.

75. *Prior.* The superior of a priory, subordinate to the abbot, as the priory was originally dependent upon the abbey. In such cases the abbot had the right of appointment of the prior. Priories varied in size, from a mere cell containing a prior and two monks, to an establishment as large as an abbey. (*v. Scenes and Characters of the Middle Ages*, 58.)

81. *Prime.* The third canonical hour of the day, beginning with Matins at midnight, Lauds at three, and Prime at six o'clock in the morning.

Fastened against the wall; —
He was the oldest monk of all.
For a whole century
Had he been there,
Serving God in prayer,
The meekest and humblest of his creatures.
He remembered well the features
Of Felix, and he said,
Speaking distinct and slow:
"One hundred years ago,
When I was a novice in this place,
There was here a monk, full of God's grace,
Who bore the name
Of Felix, and this man must be the same."

And straightway
They brought forth to the light of day
A volume old and brown,
A huge tome, bound
In brass and wild-boar's hide,
Wherein were written down
The names of all who had died
In the convent, since it was edified.
And there they found,
Just as the old monk said,
That on a certain day and date,
One hundred years before,

106. *Novice.* The youngest members of a religious house, passing through a probationary period, were called novices; but a monk of another order, or of another house of the same order, was reckoned among the novices of any particular establishment. Scions of noble houses were not infrequently entered at an early age as novices, either devoted to a religious life by their parents, or, with more worldly motives, thus provided with a calling and a maintenance. Poor children were also admitted to the monastic schools and trained to the religious life, often arriving at the highest dignities.

Had gone forth from the convent gate
The Monk Felix, and never more
Had entered that sacred door.
He had been counted among the dead!
And they knew, at last,
That, such had been the power
Of that celestial and immortal song,
A hundred years had passed,
And had not seemed so long
As a single hour! *

ELSIE *comes in with flowers.*

ELSIE. Here are flowers for you,
But they are not all for you.
Some of them are for the Virgin
And for Saint Cecilia.

PRINCE HENRY. As thou standest there,
Thou seemest to me like the angel
That brought the immortal roses
To Saint Cecilia's bridal chamber.

ELSIE. But these will fade.

PRINCE HENRY. Themselves will fade,
But not their memory,
And memory has the power
To re-create them from the dust.
They remind me, too,

* For this legend *v.* also Dean Trench's The Monk and the Bird, — *Poems*, 24.

135. *St. Cecilia.* With which to decorate the pictures of the Virgin and St. Cecilia in Elsie's chamber. (*v.* p. 40.) For an account of the life and martyrdom of St. Cecilia, patroness of music and musicians, traditional inventor of the organ, *v. Harper's Magazine*, lxi. 809; *Sacred and Legend. Art*, ii. 583.

139. *Bridal Chamber.* Her husband on his return from baptism heard in his wife's chamber the sound of enchanting music, and on entering beheld an angel who stood near St. Cecilia and held two crowns of red and white roses which he placed upon their heads.

Of martyred Dorothea,
Who from celestial gardens sent
Flowers as her witnesses
To him who scoffed and doubted.

ELSIE. Do you know the story
Of Christ and the Sultan's daughter?
That is the prettiest legend of them all.

PRINCE HENRY. Then tell it to me.
But first come hither.
Lay the flowers down beside me,
And put both thy hands in mine.
Now tell me the story.

ELSIE. Early in the morning
The Sultan's daughter
Walked in her father's garden,
Gathering the bright flowers,
All full of dew.

PRINCE HENRY. Just as thou hast been doing
This morning, dearest Elsie.

ELSIE. And as she gathered them,
She wondered more and more
Who was the Master of the Flowers,
And made them grow
Out of the cold, dark earth.
"In my heart," she said,
"I love him; and for him
Would leave my father's palace,
To labor in his garden."

146. *Dorothea.* As Dorothea of Cappadocia, of noble birth and great beauty, was led to martyrdom in the fourth century, a young lawyer jeered at her and asked her to send him fruit from the garden to which she said she was going; and, as she prayed, an angel stood beside her holding a basket containing three roses and three apples, which Dorothea gave to the lawyer, who was himself converted and afterward suffered martyrdom.

PRINCE HENRY. Dear, innocent child!
How sweetly thou recallest
The long-forgotten legend,
That in my early childhood
My mother told me!
Upon my brain
It reappears once more,
As a birth-mark upon the forehead
When a hand suddenly
Is laid upon it, and removed!

ELSIE. And at midnight,
As she lay upon her bed,
She heard a voice
Call to her from the garden,
And, looking forth from her window,
She saw a beautiful youth
Standing among the flowers.
It was the Lord Jesus;
And she went down to him,
And opened the door for him;
And he said to her, "O maiden!
Thou hast thought of me with love,
And for thy sake
Out of my Father's kingdom
Have I come hither:
I am the Master of the Flowers.
My garden is in Paradise,
And if thou wilt go with me,
Thy bridal garland
Shall be of bright red flowers."
And then he took from his finger
A golden ring,
And asked the Sultan's daughter

If she would be his bride.
And when she answered him with love,
His wounds began to bleed,
And she said to him,
"O Love! how red thy heart is,
And thy hands are full of roses."
"For thy sake," answered he,
"For thy sake is my heart so red,
For thee I bring these roses;
I gathered them at the cross
Whereon I died for thee!
Come, for my Father calls.
Thou art my elected bride!"
And the Sultan's daughter
Followed him to his Father's garden.

PRINCE HENRY. Wouldst thou have done so, Elsie?

ELSIE. Yes, very gladly.

PRINCE HENRY. Then the Celestial Bridegroom
Will come for thee also.
Upon thy forehead he will place,
Not his crown of thorns,
But a crown of roses.
In thy bridal chamber,
Like Saint Cecilia,
Thou shalt hear sweet music,
And breathe the fragrance
Of flowers immortal!
Go now and place these flowers
Before her picture.

A ROOM IN THE FARM-HOUSE.

Twilight. URSULA *spinning.* GOTTLIEB *asleep in his chair.*

URSULA. Darker and darker! Hardly a glimmer
Of light comes in at the window-pane;
Or is it my eyes are growing dimmer?
I cannot disentangle this skein,
Nor wind it rightly upon the reel.
Elsie!

GOTTLIEB, *starting.* The stopping of thy wheel
Has wakened me out of a pleasant dream.
I thought I was sitting beside a stream.
And heard the grinding of a mill,
When suddenly the wheels stood still,
And a voice cried "Elsie" in my ear!
It startled me, it seemed so near.

URSULA. I was calling her: I want a light.
I cannot see to spin my flax.
Bring the lamp, Elsie. Dost thou hear?

ELSIE, *within.* In a moment!

GOTTLIEB. Where are Bertha and Max?

URSULA. They are sitting with Elsie at the door.
She is telling them stories of the wood,
And the Wolf, and little Red Ridinghood.

GOTTLIEB. And where is the Prince?

256. *Red Ridinghood.* In the *Vedas* the dawn is represented as a young maiden carrying messages, bringing food, and travelling to join the day, but intercepted and swallowed up by the wolf or night. She does not die, however, but is rescued from the mouth of the wolf, just as Red Cap, the evening twilight, with her cloak of scarlet sunset, is cut from the stomach of the wolf, to live again as the dawn. For the origin of Aryan folk-lore *v.* Cox's *Aryan Mythology*, *passim*, and *Littell's Living Age*, xciv. 730; also John Fiske's *Myths and Myth-Makers*, 77, note.

URSULA. In his room overhead;
I heard him walking across the floor,
As he always does, with a heavy tread.

ELSIE *comes in with a lamp.* MAX *and* BERTHA *follow her; and they all sing the Evening Song on the lighting of the lamps.*

EVENING SONG.*

O gladsome light
Of the Father Immortal,
And of the celestial
Sacred and blessed
Jesus, our Saviour!

Now to the sunset
Again hast thou brought us;
And, seeing the evening
Twilight, we bless thee,
Praise thee, adore thee!

Father omnipotent!
Son, the Life-giver!
Spirit, the Comforter!
Worthy at all times
Of worship and wonder!

* Modelled upon the choral songs which originated in the reformed church of Germany, to introduce a popular element into the worship of the church and home. Many of the tunes were adapted from old church music, while others came from secular sources. Choral songs had played a great part among the early Germans on all the important occasions of private and public life, in receiving the bride and in burying the hero, in marching to battle, and in the procession of pagan sacrifices. They comprised all the elements of lyric and dramatic poetry. Such an adaptation to modern religious purposes was therefore natural.

PRINCE HENRY, *at the door.* Amen!
URSULA. Who was it said Amen?
ELSIE. It was the Prince: he stood at the door,
And listened a moment, as we chanted
The evening song. He is gone again.
I have often seen him there before.
URSULA. Poor Prince.
GOTTLIEB. I thought the house was haunted!
Poor Prince, alas! and yet as mild
And patient as the gentlest child!
MAX. I love him because he is so good,
And makes me such fine bows and arrows,
To shoot at the robins and the sparrows,
And the red squirrels in the wood!
BERTHA. I love him, too!
GOTTLIEB. Ah, yes! we all
Love him, from the bottom of our hearts;
He gave us the farm, the house, and the grange,
He gave us the horses and the carts,
And the great oxen in the stall,
The vineyard, and the forest range!
We have nothing to give him but our love!
BERTHA. Did he give us the beautiful stork above
On the chimney-top, with its large, round nest?
GOTTLIEB. No, not the stork; by God in heaven,
As a blessing, the dear white stork was given,

301. *Storks.* Swedish legend says that the stork derived its name and sacred character from flying around the cross and crying to the Saviour, *Styrka, Styrka!* "Strengthen, strengthen!" In Holland and on the Rhine it is considered a good omen to a dwelling and its inmates if a stork select it for an habitation, because the presence of this bird is supposed to render the building safe from fire. To kill a stork in these countries is hardly less than a crime.

But the Prince has given us all the rest.
God bless him, and make him well again.

ELSIE. Would I could do something for his sake,
Something to cure his sorrow and pain!

GOTTLIEB. That no one can; neither thou nor I,
Nor any one else.

ELSIE. And must he die?

URSULA. Yes; if the dear God does not take
Pity upon him, in his distress,
And work a miracle!

GOTTLIEB. Or unless
Some maiden, of her own accord,
Offers her life for that of her lord,
And is willing to die in his stead.

ELSIE. I will!

URSULA. Prithee, thou foolish child, be still!
Thou shouldst not say what thou dost not mean!

ELSIE. I mean it truly!

MAX. O father! this morning,
Down by the mill, in the ravine,
Hans killed a wolf, the very same
That in the night to the sheepfold came,
And ate up my lamb, that was left outside.

GOTTLIEB. I am glad he is dead. It will be a warning
To the wolves in the forest, far and wide.

MAX. And I am going to have his hide!

BERTHA. I wonder if this is the wolf that ate
Little Red Ridinghood!

URSULA. O, no!
That wolf was killed a long while ago.
Come, children, it is growing late.

MAX. Ah, how I wish I were a man,

As stout as Hans is, and as strong!
I would do nothing else, the whole day long,
But just kill wolves.

GOTTLIEB. Then go to bed,
And grow as fast as a little boy can.
Bertha is half asleep already.
See how she nods her heavy head,
And her sleepy feet are so unsteady
She will hardly be able to creep up stairs.

URSULA. Good night, my children. Here 's the light.
And do not forget to say your prayers
Before you sleep.

GOTTLIEB. Good night!

MAX *and* BERTHA. Good night!

They go out with ELSIE.

URSULA, *spinning*. She is a strange and wayward child,
That Elsie of ours. She looks so old,
And thoughts and fancies weird and wild
Seem of late to have taken hold
Of her heart that was once so docile and mild!

GOTTLIEB. She is like all girls.

URSULA. Ah no, forsooth!
Unlike all I have ever seen.
For she has visions and strange dreams,
And in all her words and ways, she seems
Much older than she is in truth.
Who would think her but fifteen?
And there has been of late such a change!
My heart is heavy with fear and doubt
That she may not live till the year is out.
She is so strange, — so strange, — so strange!

359. *Fifteen.* In "Poor Henry," Elsie is but eight years of age.

GOTTLIEB. I am not troubled with any such fear;
She will live and thrive for many a year.

ELSIE'S CHAMBER.

Night. ELSIE *praying.*

ELSIE. My Redeemer and my Lord,
I beseech thee, I entreat thee,
Guide me in each act and word,
That hereafter I may meet thee,
Watching, waiting, hoping, yearning,
With my lamp well trimmed and burning!

Interceding
With these bleeding
Wounds upon thy hands and side,
For all who have lived and erred
Thou hast suffered, thou hast died,
Scourged, and mocked, and crucified,
And in the grave hast thou been buried!

If my feeble prayer can reach thee,
O my Saviour, I beseech thee,
Even as thou hast died for me,
More sincerely
Let me follow where thou leadest,
Let me, bleeding as thou bleedest,
Die, if dying I may give
Life to one who asks to live,
And more nearly,
Dying thus, resemble thee!

366. *Elsie's prayer.* "I have a heroine as sweet as Imogen, could I but paint her so." (Longfellow's *Journal*, Nov. 27, 1839; Samuel Longfellow's *Life of Longfellow*, i. 334.)

THE CHAMBER OF GOTTLIEB AND URSULA.

Midnight. ELSIE *standing by their bedside, weeping.*

GOTTLIEB. The wind is roaring; the rushing rain
Is loud upon roof and window-pane,
As if the Wild Huntsman of Rodenstein,
Boding evil to me and mine,
Were abroad to-night with his ghostly train!
In the brief lulls of the tempest wild,
The dogs howl in the yard; and hark!
Some one is sobbing in the dark,
Here in the chamber!

ELSIE. It is I.

URSULA. Elsie! what ails thee, my poor child?

ELSIE. I am disturbed and much distressed,
In thinking our dear Prince must die;
I cannot close mine eyes, nor rest.

GOTTLIEB. What wouldst thou? In the Power Divine

391. *The Wild Huntsman.* In a secluded district of the Odenwald stand the ruins of the castle of Schnellert, where the Wild Huntsman was wont to announce the approach of war by traversing the air with his noisy cavalcade to the neighboring castle of Rodenstein. The people of this district asserted that they were thus forewarned of the battles of Leipsic and Waterloo. The legend of the *Wild Huntsman* is common to many countries of Europe: in England he is Herne the Hunter, who is described in *The Merry Wives of Windsor*, iv. 1, and in *The Ingoldsby Legends*, — The Smuggler's Leap; he is Peeping Tom of Coventry as well as the Pied Piper of Hamelin; in France he hunts the forest of Fontainebleau as *le grand veneur*. Under all these disguises are discerned the features of Odin, the northern god of the air, wind, and storms, who, as conductor of the dead, hunts their spirits along the sky. (*v.* Keary's *Outlines of Primitive Belief*, 293, 494; also Scott's translation of Bürger's *Wild Huntsman*.) The Christian Gottlieb speaks of the pagan *Wild Huntsman* as of an actual being; "thus for centuries in many districts of Germany." says Freytag (*Bilder aus der deutschen Vergangenheit*, i. ch. 4), "a mixed faith existed, in which Christ, St. Peter and other saints, were invoked side by side with Wodan (Odin) and Donar."

His healing lies, not in our own;
It is in the hand of God alone.
ELSIE. Nay, he has put it into mine,
And into my heart!
GOTTLIEB. Thy words are wild!
URSULA. What dost thou mean? my child! my child!
ELSIE. That for our dear Prince Henry's sake
I will myself the offering make,
And give my life to purchase his.
URSULA. Am I still dreaming, or awake?
Thou speakest carelessly of death,
And yet thou knowest not what it is.
ELSIE. 'T is the cessation of our breath.
Silent and motionless we lie;
And no one knoweth more than this.
I saw our little Gertrude die;
She left off breathing, and no more
I smoothed the pillow beneath her head.
She was more beautiful than before.
Like violets faded were her eyes;
By this we knew that she was dead.
Through the open window looked the skies
Into the chamber where she lay,
And the wind was like the sound of wings,
As if angels came to bear her away.
Ah! when I saw and felt these things,
I found it difficult to stay;
I longed to die, as she had died,
And go forth with her, side by side.
The Saints are dead, the Martyrs dead,
And Mary, and our Lord; and I
Would follow in humility
The way by them illumined!

URSULA. My child! my child! thou must not die!
ELSIE. Why should I live? Do I not know
The life of woman is full of woe?
Toiling on and on and on,
With breaking heart, and tearful eyes,
And silent lips, and in the soul
The secret longings that arise,
Which this world never satisfies!
Some more, some less, but of the whole
Not one quite happy, no, not one!
URSULA. It is the malediction of Eve!
ELSIE. In place of it, let me receive
The benediction of Mary, then.
GOTTLIEB. Ah, woe is me! Ah, woe is me!
Most wretched am I among men!
URSULA. Alas! that I should live to see
Thy death, beloved, and to stand
Above thy grave! Ah, woe the day!
ELSIE. Thou wilt not see it. I shall lie
Beneath the flowers of another land,
For at Salerno, far away
Over the mountains, over the sea,
It is appointed me to die!
And it will seem no more to thee
Than if at the village on market-day
I should a little longer stay
Than I am wont.
URSULA. Even as thou sayest!
And how my heart beats, when thou stayest!
I cannot rest until my sight
Is satisfied with seeing thee.
What, then, if thou wert dead?

447. *The malediction of Eve.* (*v. Genesis* iii. 16, and *St. Luke* i. 28.)

GOTTLIEB. Ah me!
Of our old eyes thou art the light!
The joy of our old hearts art thou!
And wilt thou die?
URSULA. Not now! not now!
ELSIE. Christ died for me, and shall not I
Be willing for my Prince to die?
You both are silent; you cannot speak.
This said I at our Saviour's feast
After confession, to the priest,
And even he made no reply.
Does he not warn us all to seek
The happier, better land on high,
Where flowers immortal never wither;
And could he forbid me to go thither?
GOTTLIEB. In God's own time, my heart's delight!
When he shall call thee, not before!
ELSIE. I heard him call. When Christ ascended
Triumphantly, from star to star,
He left the gates of heaven ajar.
I had a vision in the night,
And saw him standing at the door
Of his Father's mansion, vast and splendid,
And beckoning to me from afar.
I cannot stay!
GOTTLIEB. She speaks almost
As if it were the Holy Ghost
Spake through her lips, and in her stead!
What if this were of God?
URSULA. Ah, then
Gainsay it dare we not.

475. *For my Prince to die.* Not merely gratitude for favors bestowed upon her family, but a sense of vassalage, prompts Elsie to offer her life for her lord's.

GOTTLIEB. Amen!
Elsie! the words that thou hast said
Are strange and new for us to hear,
And fill our hearts with doubt and fear.
Whether it be a dark temptation
Of the Evil One, or God's inspiration,
We in our blindness cannot say.
We must think upon it, and pray;
For evil and good it both resembles.
If it be of God, his will be done!
May he guard us from the Evil One!
How hot thy hand is! how it trembles!
Go to thy bed, and try to sleep.

URSULA. Kiss me. Good night; and do not weep!

ELSIE *goes out.*

Ah, what an awful thing is this!
I almost shuddered at her kiss,
As if a ghost had touched my cheek,
I am so childish and so weak!
As soon as I see the earliest gray
Of morning glimmer in the east,
I will go over to the priest,
And hear what the good man has to say!

A VILLAGE CHURCH.

*A woman kneeling at the confessional.**

THE PARISH PRIEST, *from within.* Go, sin no more! Thy penance o'er,
A new and better life begin!

* Auricular confession, or the confession of sin at the ear of the priest, such statements being confidential, was practised in the Church as early as the fourth century, and was enjoined by the Council of the Lateran, 1215.

God maketh thee forever free
From the dominion of thy sin!
Go, sin no more! He will restore
The peace that filled thy heart before,
And pardon thine iniquity!

The woman goes out. The Priest comes forth, and walks slowly up and down the church.

O blessed Lord! how much I need
Thy light to guide me on my way!
So many hands, that, without heed,
Still touch thy wounds, and make them bleed!
So many feet, that, day by day,
Still wander from thy fold astray!
Unless thou fill me with thy light,
I cannot lead thy flock aright;
Nor, without thy support, can bear
The burden of so great a care,
But am myself a castaway!

A pause.

The day is drawing to its close;
And what good deeds, since first it rose,
Have I presented, Lord, to thee,
As offerings of my ministry?
What wrong repressed, what right maintained,
What struggle passed, what victory gained,
What good attempted and attained?
Feeble, at best, is my endeavor!
I see, but cannot reach, the height
That lies forever in the light,

The act of confession precedes absolution and the administration of the Eucharist. (*v.* p. 58.) The confessional is a cabinet within which sits the priest while the penitent kneels outside at a latticed window.

And yet forever and forever,
When seeming just within my grasp,
I feel my feeble hands unclasp,
And sink discouraged into night!
For thine own purpose, thou hast sent
The strife and the discouragement!

A pause.

Why stayest thou, Prince of Hoheneck?
Why keep me pacing to and fro
Amid these aisles of sacred gloom,
Counting my footsteps as I go,
And marking with each step a tomb?
Why should the world for thee make room,
And wait thy leisure and thy beck?
Thou comest in the hope to hear
Some word of comfort and of cheer.
What can I say? I cannot give
The counsel to do this and live;
But rather, firmly to deny
The tempter, though his power be strong,
And, inaccessible to wrong,
Still like a martyr live and die!

A pause.

The evening air grows dusk and brown;
I must go forth into the town,
To visit beds of pain and death,
Of restless limbs, and quivering breath,
And sorrowing hearts, and patient eyes
That see, through tears, the sun go down,
But never more shall see it rise.
The poor in body and estate,
The sick and the disconsolate,
Must not on man's convenience wait.

Goes out.

Enter LUCIFER, *as a Priest.**

LUCIFER, *with a genuflection, mocking.* This is the Black Pater-noster.

God was my foster,
He fostered me
Under the book of the Palm-tree!
St. Michael was my dame.
He was born at Bethlehem,
He was made of flesh and blood.
God send me my right food,
My right food, and shelter too,
That I may to yon kirk go,
To read upon yon sweet book
Which the mighty God of heaven shook.
Open, open, hell's gates!
Shut, shut, heaven's gates!
All the devils in the air
The stronger be, that hear the Black Prayer!

Looking round the church.

What a darksome and dismal place!
I wonder that any man has the face
To call such a hole the House of the Lord,
And the Gate of Heaven, — yet such is the word.
Ceiling, and walls, and windows old,
Covered with cobwebs, blackened with mould;
Dust on the pulpit, dust on the stairs,

* It was an old belief that devils could at any moment assume whatever form they pleased that would most conduce to the success of the enterprise they might have in hand; hence the charge of being a devil, so commonly brought against innocent persons. Shakespeare alludes to this popular belief in *I. Henry IV.* ii. 2; *Merchant of Venice*, iii. 1. The devil was often thought in the Middle Ages to enter the pulpit as a priest, and harangue the congregation.

581. *Black Pater-noster.* The Devil's Prayer as distinguished from the Lord's Prayer, — a jargon of sacred and profane allusions.

600. *Gate of Heaven.* (*v. Genesis* xxviii. 17.)

Dust on the benches, and stalls, and chairs!
The pulpit, from which such ponderous sermons
Have fallen down on the brains of the Germans,
With about as much real edification
As if a great Bible, bound in lead,
Had fallen, and struck them on the head;
And I ought to remember that sensation!
Here stands the holy-water stoup!
Holy-water it may be to many,
But to me, the veriest Liquor Gehennæ!
It smells like a filthy fast-day soup!
Near it stands the box for the poor;
With its iron padlock, safe and sure.
I and the priest of the parish know
Whither all these charities go;
Therefore, to keep up the institution,
I will add my little contribution!

He puts in money.

Underneath this mouldering tomb,
With statue of stone, and scutcheon of brass,

611. *Holy-water stoup.* It stood originally outside the church, following the ancient custom of washing the hands and face before entering the temple. Accordingly, baptismal fonts were first erected in separate buildings called baptisteries. The holy-water stoup was later placed within the church against the wall near the door, or fixed to a pillar, to be used by those entering or leaving.

613. *Gehennæ.* Gehenna is the Hebrew ge-Hinnom, the valley of Hinnom, near Jerusalem, the early place of human sacrifice, hence a place of abomination and a receptacle of the refuse of the city, perpetual fire being kept up to prevent pestilence. The name excited horror, and was, therefore, afterward applied to the place of future punishment.

615. *Poor-box.* The temple at Jerusalem contained a Chamber of Silence, wherein was secretly deposited whatever generosity offered, from which the deserving poor were maintained with equal secrecy. This is the probable origin of charity-boxes in churches.

622. *Scutcheon of brass.* It was the custom, as far back as the thirteenth century, to ornament the tombs of eminent persons with figures and inscriptions on plates of brass. (*v. Love's Labor's Lost*, i. 1, and *Much Ado About Nothing*, iv. 1, and v. 1.)

Slumbers a great lord of the village.
All his life was riot and pillage,
But at length, to escape the threatened doom
Of the everlasting, penal fire,
He died in the dress of a mendicant friar,
And bartered his wealth for a daily mass.
But all that afterward came to pass,
And whether he finds it dull or pleasant,
Is kept a secret for the present,
At his own particular desire.

And here, in a corner of the wall,
Shadowy, silent, apart from all,
With its awful portal open wide,
And its latticed windows on either side,
And its step well worn by the bended knees
Of one or two pious centuries,
Stands the village confessional!
Within it, as an honored guest,
I will sit me down awhile and rest.

Seats himself in the confessional.

Here sits the priest; and faint and low,
Like the sighing of an evening breeze,
Comes through these painted lattices

627. *Mendicant Friar.* Several religious orders began alms-begging in the thirteenth century, but they were reduced to four by Gregory X., — the Dominicans, Franciscans, Carmelites, and Augustinian Hermits. It was not uncommon for nobles of former lawless character to end their lives in religious houses, as at Hirschau.

628. *Daily Mass.* For a mass to be said daily for the repose of his soul. Nearly every will of the period described in this poem provided for the saying of such masses for the soul of the testator, sometimes by ordering the executors to have a number of masses, varying from ten to ten thousand, said speedily; sometimes by directing that a priest shall be engaged to say mass for a certain time, varying from thirty days to forty or fifty years. These masses formed provision for the support of a large number of itinerant and unattached priests.

The ceaseless sound of human woe ;
Here, while her bosom aches and throbs
With deep and agonizing sobs,
That half are passion, half contrition,
The luckless daughter of perdition
Slowly confesses her secret shame!
The time, the place, the lover's name!
Here the grim murderer, with a groan,
From his bruised conscience rolls the stone,
Thinking that thus he can atone
For ravages of sword and flame!
Indeed, I marvel, and marvel greatly,
How a priest can sit here so sedately.
Reading, the whole year out and in,
Naught but the catalogue of sin,
And still keep any faith whatever
In human virtue! Never! never!

I cannot repeat a thousandth part
Of the horrors and crimes and sins and woes
That arise, when with palpitating throes
The graveyard in the human heart
Gives up its dead, at the voice of the priest,
As if he were an archangel, at least.
It makes a peculiar atmosphere,
This odor of earthly passions and crimes,
Such as I like to breathe, at times,
And such as often brings me here

667. *Archangel.* The Schoolmen, following Dionysius the Areopagite, divided the angelic host into three hierarchies of three choirs each, viz. : —

Seraphim, Cherubim, Thrones,
Dominions, Virtues, Powers,
Princedoms, Archangels, Angels.

So the poet properly speaks of 'an archangel, *at least.*"

In the hottest and most pestilential season.
To-day, I come for another reason;
To foster and ripen an evil thought
In a heart that is almost to madness wrought,
And to make a murderer out of a prince,
A sleight of hand I learned long since!
He comes. In the twilight he will not see
The difference between his priest and me!
In the same net was the mother caught!

PRINCE HENRY, *entering and kneeling at the confessional.* Remorseful, penitent, and lowly,
I come to crave, O Father holy,
Thy benediction on my head.
LUCIFER. The benediction shall be said
After confession, not before!
'T is a God-speed to the parting guest,
Who stands already at the door,
Sandalled with holiness, and dressed
In garments pure from earthly stain.
Meanwhile, hast thou searched well thy breast?
Does the same madness fill thy brain?
Or have thy passion and unrest
Vanished forever from thy mind?
PRINCE HENRY. By the same madness still made blind,
By the same passion still possessed,
I come again to the house of prayer,
A man afflicted and distressed!
As in a cloudy atmosphere,
Through unseen sluices of the air,

686. *God-speed.* Cf. "Welcome the coming, speed the parting guest." Pope's *Odyssey*, xv. 84.

A sudden and impetuous wind
Strikes the great forest white with fear,
And every branch, and bough, and spray
Points all its quivering leaves one way,
And meadows of grass, and fields of grain,
And the clouds above, and the slanting rain,
And smoke from chimneys of the town,
Yield themselves to it, and bow down,
So does this dreadful purpose press
Onward, with irresistible stress,
And all my thoughts and faculties,
Struck level by the strength of this,
From their true inclination turn,
And all stream forward to Salern!

LUCIFER. Alas! we are but eddies of dust,
Uplifted by the blast, and whirled
Along the highway of the world
A moment only, then to fall
Back to a common level all,
At the subsiding of the gust!

PRINCE HENRY. O holy Father! pardon in me
The oscillation of a mind
Unsteadfast, and that cannot find
Its centre of rest and harmony!
For evermore before mine eyes
This ghastly phantom flits and flies,
And as a madman through a crowd,
With frantic gestures and wild cries,

714. *Eddies of dust.* According to Mussulman tradition, derived from the Talmud, Adam was created about three o'clock Friday afternoon, the four archangels, Gabriel, Michael, Israfiel, and Asrael, being required to bring dust from the four quarters of the earth, that therefrom God might fashion man. The rabbis asserted that the earth refused any of her substance, and that only Asrael, the Angel of Death, obeyed the divine command, from which is derived the power of death over the human race.

It hurries onward, and aloud
Repeats its awful prophecies!
Weakness is wretchedness! To be strong
Is to be happy! I am weak,
And cannot find the good I seek,
Because I feel and fear the wrong!

LUCIFER. Be not alarmed! The Church is kind,
And in her mercy and her meekness
She meets half-way her children's weakness,
Writes their transgressions in the dust!
Though in the Decalogue we find
The mandate written, "Thou shalt not kill!"
Yet there are cases when we must.
In war, for instance, or from scathe
To guard and keep the one true Faith!
We must look at the Decalogue in the light
Of an ancient statute, that was meant
For a mild and general application,
To be understood with the reservation,
That, in certain instances, the Right
Must yield to the Expedient!
Thou art a Prince. If thou shouldst die,
What hearts and hopes would prostrate lie!
What noble deeds, what fair renown,
Into the grave with thee go down!
What acts of valor and courtesy

730. *Wretchedness.* Cf. "To be weak is miserable." *Par. Lost*, i. 157.

734. *The Church is kind.* Thus the Church distinguishes between venial and mortal sins, the former being "a slight offence against the laws of God in matters of less importance, or in matters of great importance an offence committed without sufficient reflection or full consent of the will;" a mortal sin, on the contrary, being "a grievous offence against the law of God, bringing everlasting death."

748. *Expedient.* It was said of Edmund Burke by Goldsmith (*Retaliation*) that he was "too fond of the right to pursue the expedient."

Remain undone, and die with thee!
Thou art the last of all thy race!
With thee a noble name expires,
And vanishes from the earth's face
The glorious memory of thy sires!
She is a peasant. In her veins
Flows common and plebeian blood;
It is such as daily and hourly stains
The dust and the turf of battle plains,
By vassals shed, in a crimson flood,
Without reserve, and without reward,
At the slightest summons of their lord!
But thine is precious; the fore-appointed
Blood of kings, of God's anointed!
Moreover, what has the world in store
For one like her, but tears and toil?
Daughter of sorrow, serf of the soil,
A peasant's child and a peasant's wife,
And her soul within her sick and sore
With the roughness and barrenness of life!
I marvel not at the heart's recoil
From a fate like this, in one so tender,
Nor at its eagerness to surrender
All the wretchedness, want, and woe
That await it in this world below,
For the unutterable splendor
Of the world of rest beyond the skies.
So the Church sanctions the sacrifice:
Therefore inhale this healing balm,
And breathe this fresh life into thine;

770. *Serf of the soil.* The villein or serf was obliged to remain upon his lord's estate, and could be reclaimed at law if he ventured to stray. (*v.* Hallam's *Middle Ages*, ch. ii. part 2.) In "Poor Henry," as here, Elsie's father is a tenant of the prince, a condition superior to serfdom.

Accept the comfort and the calm
She offers, as a gift divine;
Let her fall down and anoint thy feet
With the ointment costly and most sweet
Of her young blood, and thou shalt live.

PRINCE HENRY. And will the righteous Heaven forgive?

No action, whether foul or fair,
Is ever done, but it leaves somewhere
A record, written by fingers ghostly,
As a blessing or a curse, and mostly
In the greater weakness or greater strength
Of the acts which follow it, till at length
The wrongs of ages are redressed,
And the justice of God made manifest!

LUCIFER. In ancient records it is stated
That, whenever an evil deed is done,
Another devil is created
To scourge and torment the offending one!
But evil is only good perverted,
And Lucifer, the Bearer of Light,
But an angel fallen and deserted,
Thrust from his Father's house with a curse
Into the black and endless night.

PRINCE HENRY. If justice rules the universe,
From the good actions of good men
Angels of light should be begotten,
And thus the balance restored again.

LUCIFER. Yes; if the world were not so rotten,
And so given over to the Devil!

PRINCE HENRY. But this deed, is it good or evil?
Have I thine absolution free
To do it, and without restriction?

LUCIFER. Ay; and from whatsoever sin
Lieth around it and within,
From all crimes in which it may involve thee,
I now release thee and absolve thee!

PRINCE HENRY. Give me thy holy benediction.

LUCIFER, *stretching forth his hand and muttering.* Maledictione perpetua
Maledicat vos
Pater eternus!

THE ANGEL, *with the æolian harp.* Take heed!
take heed!
Noble art thou in thy birth,
By the good and the great of earth
Hast thou been taught!
Be noble in every thought
And in every deed!
Let not the illusion of thy senses
Betray thee to deadly offences.
Be strong! be good! be pure!
The right only shall endure,
All things else are but false pretences.
I entreat thee, I implore,
Listen no more
To the suggestions of an evil spirit,
That even now is there,
Making the foul seem fair,
And selfishness itself a virtue and a merit!

A ROOM IN THE FARM-HOUSE.

GOTTLIEB. It is decided! For many days,
And nights as many, we have had
A nameless terror in our breast,

821. See Additional Notes, at end of this book.
839. *Foul seem fair.* Cf. "Fair is foul, and foul is fair." *Macbeth*, i. 1.

Making us timid, and afraid
Of God, and his mysterious ways!
We have been sorrowful and sad;
Much have we suffered, much have prayed
That he would lead us as is best,
And show us what his will required.
It is decided; and we give
Our child, O Prince, that you may live!
URSULA. It is of God. He has inspired
This purpose in her; and through pain,
Out of a world of sin and woe,
He takes her to himself again.
The mother's heart resists no longer;
With the Angel of the Lord in vain
It wrestled, for he was the stronger.
GOTTLIEB. As Abraham offered long ago
His son unto the Lord, and even
The Everlasting Father in heaven
Gave his, as a lamb unto the slaughter,
So do I offer up my daughter!
URSULA *hides her face.*
ELSIE. My life is little,
Only a cup of water,
But pure and limpid.
Take it, O my Prince!
Let it refresh you,
Let it restore you.
It is given willingly,
It is given freely;
May God bless the gift!
PRINCE HENRY. And the giver!
GOTTLIEB. Amen!

845. *Mysterious ways.* Cf. "God moves in a mysterious way." Cowper.

PRINCE HENRY. I accept it!
GOTTLIEB. Where are the children?
URSULA. They are already asleep.
GOTTLIEB. What if they were dead?

IN THE GARDEN.

ELSIE. I have one thing to ask of you.
PRINCE HENRY. What is it?
It is already granted.
ELSIE. Promise me,
When we are gone from here, and on our way
Are journeying to Salerno, you will not,
By word or deed, endeavor to dissuade me
And turn me from my purpose; but remember
That as a pilgrim to the Holy City
Walks unmolested, and with thoughts of pardon
Occupied wholly, so would I approach
The gates of Heaven, in this great jubilee,
With my petition, putting off from me
All thoughts of earth, as shoes from off my feet.
Promise me this.

887. *Pilgrim.* Pilgrimages began with that of the Empress Helena, mother of Constantine the Great, to Jerusalem, A. D. 326. They became so common from the close of the tenth century that itineraries were made for pilgrims, and inns (*hospices*) were erected for their entertainment *en route.* Returning they were called "Palmers," because they bore a sprig of palm in token of having performed their pilgrimage. Their report of the condition of the Holy Places at Jerusalem called forth the crusades. The monks obtained the right of asylum, of justice, and of safe conduct, in favor of pilgrims and of travellers accompanied by a monk.

890. *Jubilee.* Elsie compares her journey to the Church jubilees instituted, in imitation of the Hebrew jubilee, by Boniface VIII., 1300, when plenary indulgence was promised to all who visited the churches of Sts. Peter and Paul in Rome. As many as 200,000 pilgrims were assembled at Rome during one month of this jubilee, and so lucrative did these festivals become, that the interval between them was gradually reduced from one hundred to twenty-five years.

892. *Shoes.* As the pilgrims removed their travel-stained sandals on ap-

PRINCE HENRY. Thy words fall from thy lips
Like roses from the lips of Angelo: and angels
Might stoop to pick them up!
ELSIE. Will you not promise?
PRINCE HENRY. If ever we depart upon this journey,
So long to one or both of us, I promise.
ELSIE. Shall we not go, then? Have you lifted me
Into the air, only to hurl me back
Wounded upon the ground? and offered me
The waters of eternal life, to bid me
Drink the polluted puddles of this world?
PRINCE HENRY. O Elsie! what a lesson thou dost teach me!
The life which is, and that which is to come,
Suspended hang in such nice equipoise
A breath disturbs the balance; and that scale
In which we throw our hearts preponderates,
And the other, like an empty one, flies up,
And is accounted vanity and air!
To me the thought of death is terrible,
Having such hold on life. To thee it is not
So much even as the lifting of a latch;
Only a step into the open air
Out of a tent already luminous

proaching the Holy Places, so Elsie will put off all thoughts of earth on approaching the gates of heaven.

895. *Angelo.* St. Angelus, the Carmelite martyr, came from the East about 1217, and preached in Palermo and Messina, where he was assassinated by a nobleman whose vices he had rebuked. In certain pictures roses are represented falling from his mouth as symbols of his eloquence, and angels are picking them up. The Bollandist Fathers, editors of *Lives of the Saints*, denied his existence.

916. *Out of a tent.* Thus the speech of the Saxon thane compared the life of man to a sparrow escaping from the storm into the warmed and lighted hall,

With light that shines through its transparent walls!
O pure in heart! from thy sweet dust shall grow
Lilies, upon whose petals will be written
"Ave Maria" in characters of gold!

III.

A STREET IN STRASBURG.

Night. PRINCE HENRY *wandering alone, wrapped in a cloak.*

PRINCE HENRY. Still is the night. The sound of feet
Has died away from the empty street,
And like an artisan, bending down
His head on his anvil, the dark town
Sleeps, with a slumber deep and sweet.
Sleepless and restless, I alone,
In the dusk and damp of these walls of stone,
Wander and weep in my remorse!

CRIER OF THE DEAD, *ringing a bell.*
Wake! wake!
All ye that sleep!
Pray for the Dead!
Pray for the Dead!

PRINCE HENRY. Hark! with what accents loud and hoarse
This warder on the walls of death

and, after a few moments' rest, flying out again. Freeman's *Old English History*, ch. vi.

919. See Additional Notes, at end of this book.

920. *Ave Maria.* In pictures of the Annunciation Gabriel is represented holding a lily, the emblem of purity, while he utters the *Ave Maria*, in allusion to the verse of *Solomon's Song* ii. 1, "I am the rose of Sharon and the lily of the valleys." See also Additional Notes, at end of this book.

14. *Warder.* When the warder or watchman on the wall of a mediæval castle descried the approach of strangers he ordered the drawbridge raised

Sends forth the challenge of his breath!
I see the dead that sleep in the grave!
They rise up and their garments wave,
Dimly and spectral, as they rise,
With the light of another world in their eyes!

CRIER OF THE DEAD.

Wake! wake!
All ye that sleep!
Pray for the Dead!
Pray for the Dead!

PRINCE HENRY. Why for the dead, who are at rest?

Pray for the living, in whose breast
The struggle between right and wrong
Is raging terrible and strong,
As when good angels war with devils!
This is the Master of the Revels,

and the portcullis lowered, and challenged the visitors to state their errand, as here the crier of the dead challenges Death, and the dead rise up at the call.

16. *Dead in the grave.* Perhaps suggested by the frescoes attributed to Orgagna in the Campo Santo at Pisa, where, in the picture of the Resurrection, the guardian angels are taking the dead from their graves, and bearing them to the Judgment, in accordance with mediæval belief. (*v.* Symonds's *Renaissance in Italy*, Part iii. 200.)

28. *Good angels.* In the Persian theology, with which the Hebrews became familiar during the Captivity, and from which they derived the belief in the existence of evil spirits, a constant struggle goes on between right and wrong personified, the former being represented by Ormuzd, the King of Light, and the latter by Ahriman, the Prince of Darkness. (*v.* Clarke's *Ten Great Religions*, i. ch. 5.)

29. *Master of the Revels.* An officer of royal or noble houses, who presided over the Christmas festivities. In England he succeeded the Abbot or Lord of Misrule, who, before the Reformation, as president of the festivals of Easter, Whitsuntide, and Christmas, directed the Mysteries and Masquerades of the palace. The office of Master of the Revels was made permanent by Henry VIII., and included the superintendence of the court festivities throughout the year. To him pertained the licensing of plays, and when the office was abolished at the beginning of the last century this duty was assumed by the lord chamberlain, who now exercises it.

Who, at Life's flowing feast, proposes
The health of absent friends, and pledges,
Not in bright goblets crowned with roses,
And tinkling as we touch their edges,
But with his dismal, tinkling bell,
That mocks and mimics their funeral knell!

CRIER OF THE DEAD.

Wake! wake!
All ye that sleep!
Pray for the Dead!
Pray for the Dead!

PRINCE HENRY. Wake not, beloved! be thy sleep
Silent as night is, and as deep!
There walks a sentinel at thy gate
Whose heart is heavy and desolate,
And the heavings of whose bosom number
The respirations of thy slumber,
As if some strange, mysterious fate
Had linked two hearts in one, and mine
Went madly wheeling about thine,
Only with wider and wilder sweep!

CRIER OF THE DEAD, *at a distance.*

Wake! wake!
All ye that sleep!
Pray for the Dead!
Pray for the Dead!

PRINCE HENRY. Lo! with what depth of blackness thrown

31. *Pledges.* The custom of pledging, or drinking healths, is derived from the habits of the Danes and other Northmen, who would occasionally stab a person who was in the act of drinking. Consequently, people would not drink in company unless some one present would be their pledge or surety that they should come to no harm while thus engaged.

Against the clouds, far up the skies
The walls of the cathedral rise,
Like a mysterious grove of stone,
With fitful lights and shadows blending,
As from behind, the moon, ascending,
Lights its dim aisles and paths unknown!
The wind is rising; but the boughs
Rise not and fall not with the wind
That through their foliage sobs and soughs;
Only the cloudy rack behind,
Drifting onward, wild and ragged,
Gives to each spire and buttress jagged
A seeming motion undefined.
Below on the square, an armed knight,
Still as a statue and as white,
Sits on his steed, and the moonbeams quiver
Upon the points of his armor bright
As on the ripples of a river.
He lifts the visor from his cheek,
And beckons, and makes as he would speak.

WALTER *the Minnesinger*. Friend! can you tell
me where alight
Thuringia's horsemen for the night?

57. *Grove of stone.* Thus the pointed or Gothic style of architecture is said to have been suggested by the interlacing branches of the trees of the Teutonic forests or the sacred groves of the Celts; the pointed arch, however, is of Eastern origin; it was brought to Europe by the crusaders, and first used in France, and by French workmen in England and Germany, as at Strasburg. It was an architectural necessity, vaults formed by the interlacing arcs of circles being stronger, and thus better adapted to sustain the weight of the roof, than those supported by round arches. (*v.* Fergusson's *Hist. of Architecture*, i.)

69. *As white.* Over their armor the crusaders wore a white mantle with a red cross sewn upon the breast or shoulder, in imitation of the pilgrims, some of whom ever had the sacred sign branded upon them with a hot iron; this, however, was subsequently forbidden.

76. *Thuringia.* An early Gothic kingdom annexed to the Frankish domin

For I have lingered in the rear,
And wander vainly up and down.

PRINCE HENRY. I am a stranger in the town,
As thou art; but the voice I hear
Is not a stranger to mine ear.
Thou art Walter of the Vogelweid!

WALTER. Thou hast guessed rightly; and thy name
Is Henry of Hoheneck!

PRINCE HENRY. Ay, the same.

WALTER, *embracing him.* Come closer, closer to my side!
What brings thee hither? What potent charm
Has drawn thee from thy German farm
Into the old Alsatian city?

PRINCE HENRY. A tale of wonder and of pity!
A wretched man, almost by stealth
Dragging my body to Salern,
In the vain hope and search for health,
And destined never to return.
Already thou hast heard the rest.
But what brings thee, thus armed and dight
In the equipments of a knight?

WALTER. Dost thou not see upon my breast
The cross of the Crusaders shine?
My pathway leads to Palestine.

ions A. D. 530; a mediæval name of that part of Germany which is now Saxony and the Saxon duchies. In assembling at Strasburg for the crusade the German knights were assigned quarters by districts or divisions of the Empire.

89. *Alsatian city.* The foundation of Strasburg, the Roman Argentoratum, antedates authentic history. The present cathedral was built on the site of a Roman temple, which took the place of a Druidical grove of the first Celtic settlers.

91. *By stealth.* Because banned by his sentence of excommunication.

100. *Palestine.* Walter is on his way to join the Emperor Frederick II.

PRINCE HENRY. Ah, would that way were also mine!
O noble poet! thou whose heart
Is like a nest of singing-birds
Rocked on the topmost bough of life,
Wilt thou, too, from our sky depart,
And in the clangor of the strife
Mingle the music of thy words?
WALTER. My hopes are high, my heart is proud,
And like a trumpet long and loud,
Thither my thoughts all clang and ring!
My life is in my hand, and lo!
I grasp and bend it as a bow,
And shoot forth from its trembling string
An arrow, that shall be, perchance,
Like the arrow of the Israelite king
Shot from the window toward the east,
That of the Lord's deliverance!
PRINCE HENRY. My life, alas! is what thou seest!
O enviable fate! to be
Strong, beautiful, and armed like thee
With lyre and sword, with song and steel;
A hand to smite, a heart to feel!
Thy heart, thy hand, thy lyre, thy sword,
Thou givest all unto thy Lord;

who sailed from Italy on the sixth crusade (sometimes called the fifth) in September, 1227. For the character of Frederick, *v.* Milman's *Lat. Christ.* Bk x. ch. 3, and Gibbon's *Decline and Fall*, ch. lix. Walter was now fifty-seven years of age.

103. *Nest.* Of the poets who were educated at Pembroke College, Oxford, Dr. Johnson once said: "Sir, we are a nest of singing-birds."

115. *Arrow.* By command of Elisha King Joash shot an arrow eastward from his window, "the arrow of the Lord's deliverance, and the arrow of deliverance from Syria." (*II. Kings* xiii. 14–17.)

While I, so mean and abject grown,
Am thinking of myself alone.

WALTER. Be patient: Time will reinstate
Thy health and fortunes.

PRINCE HENRY. 'T is too late!
I cannot strive against my fate!

WALTER. Come with me; for my steed is weary;
Our journey has been long and dreary,
And, dreaming of his stall, he dints
With his impatient hoofs the flints.

PRINCE HENRY, *aside*. I am ashamed, in my disgrace,
To look into that noble face!
To-morrow, Walter, let it be.

WALTER. To-morrow, at the dawn of day,
I shall again be on my way.
Come with me to the hostelry,
For I have many things to say.
Our journey into Italy
Perchance together we may make;
Wilt thou not do it for my sake?

PRINCE HENRY. A sick man's pace would but impede
Thine eager and impatient speed.
Besides, my pathway leads me round
To Hirschau, in the forest's bound,
Where I assemble man and steed,
And all things for my journey's need.

They go out.

148. *Forest's bound.* The Black Forest, the *Silva Hercynia* of the Romans, a mountainous district of Southern Germany, in the present grand duchy of Baden and kingdom of Wurtemberg. After the eighth century more than ninety Benedictine abbeys were established in it.

LUCIFER, *flying over the city.* Sleep, sleep, O city! till the light
Wake you to sin and crime again,
Whilst on your dreams, like dismal rain,
I scatter downward through the night
My maledictions dark and deep.
I have more martyrs in your walls
Than God has; and they cannot sleep;
They are my bondsmen and my thralls;
Their wretched lives are full of pain,
Wild agonies of nerve and brain;
And every heart-beat, every breath,
Is a convulsion worse than death!
Sleep, sleep, O city! though within
The circuit of your walls there be
No habitation free from sin,
And all its nameless misery;
The aching heart, the aching head,
Grief for the living and the dead,
And foul corruption of the time,
Disease, distress, and want, and woe,
And crimes, and passions that may grow
Until they ripen into crime!

SQUARE IN FRONT OF THE CATHEDRAL.

*Easter Sunday.** FRIAR CUTHBERT *preaching to the crowd from a pulpit in the open air.* PRINCE HENRY *and* ELSIE *crossing the square.*

PRINCE HENRY. This is the day, when from the dead

* *Easter Sunday.* The name of the feast in northern countries is derived from Eostre, the Teutonic goddess of spring, in whose honor a festival was celebrated in the fourth month. In Romanic countries it is called *Pâques*,

Our Lord arose; and everywhere,
Out of their darkness and despair,
Triumphant over fears and foes,
The hearts of his disciples rose,
When to the women, standing near,
The Angel in shining vesture said,
"The Lord is risen; he is not here!"
And, mindful that the day is come,
On all the hearths in Christendom
The fires are quenched, to be again
Rekindled from the sun, that high
Is dancing in the cloudless sky.

Pascua, from the Hebrew name of the Passover festival. It was observed in the Church as early as the first century in commemoration of Christ's resurrection, of which the Passover and the Paschal Lamb were shadows.

183. *Fires.* Fire produced by rubbing together two pieces of dry wood was considered sacred, and the Greeks and Romans, as well as the Celts and some Christian peoples until recent times, adopted the same or a similar process in lighting fires connected with religious ceremonies. The Peruvian sun-worshippers collected in a concave mirror the rays of that luminary at their great solar festival in midsummer, and the purity of the Easter fire is still secured in Germany and Great Britain either from the consecrated Easter candle, or from the new and pure element produced by the priest from flint and steel. The tapers are relighted on Easter Eve in the Catholic Church with the words *Lumen Christi!* "Light of Christ!" to which the priest responds, *Deo gratias!* "Thanks be to God!" Under the early emperors business and public spectacles were suspended at this season for fourteen days. In the fourth century people of all ranks flocked to the churches on Easter Eve, carrying lighted lamps and tapers, significant of their expectation of Christ's reappearance at this time.

185. *Dancing.* That the sun danced with delight at its rising on Easter morning is an ancient superstition, of an earlier origin than the Christian festivities of that day. Shakespeare uses the language of his time when he says in *Coriolanus* v. 4, that the trumpets, etc., "make the sun dance;" Sir John Suckling, in his *Ballad upon a Wedding*, exclaims: —

"But O, she dances such a way!
No sun upon an Easter-day
Is half so fine a sight."

Sir Thomas Browne says (*Vulgar Errors*): "We shall not, I hope, disparage the resurrection of our Redeemer if we say that the sun doth not dance on Easter day." (*v.* Knight's *Life of Shakespeare*, 63.)

The churches are all decked with flowers,
The salutations among men
Are but the Angel's words divine,
"Christ is arisen!" and the bells
Catch the glad murmur, as it swells,
And chant together in their towers.
All hearts are glad; and free from care
The faces of the people shine.
See what a crowd is in the square,
Gayly and gallantly arrayed!

ELSIE. Let us go back; I am afraid!

PRINCE HENRY. Nay, let us mount the church-steps here,
Under the doorway's sacred shadow;
We can see all things, and be freer
From the crowd that madly heaves and presses!

ELSIE. What a gay pageant! what bright dresses!
It looks like a flower-besprinkled meadow.
What is that yonder on the square?

PRINCE HENRY. A pulpit in the open air,
And a Friar, who is preaching to the crowd
In a voice so deep and clear and loud,
That, if we listen, and give heed,
His lowest words will reach the ear.

FRIAR CUTHBERT, *gesticulating and cracking a postilion's whip.** What ho! good people! do you not hear!

186. *Flowers.* Hence Florida received its name, being discovered on Easter, — *Pascua Florida.* See also Additional Notes, at end of this book.

189. *Christ is arisen.* This is still the Easter salutation in Russia.

189. *The bells.* In Rome the bells are silent from eleven o'clock Maundy Thursday morning to the same hour on Holy Saturday, the day before Easter.

195. See Additional Notes, at end of this book.

* The order of mendicant friars who devoted themselves particularly to

Dashing along at the top of his speed,
Booted and spurred, on his jaded steed,
A courier comes with words of cheer.
Courier! what is the news, I pray?
"Christ is arisen!" Whence come you? "From court."
Then I do not believe it; you say it in sport.

Cracks his whip again.

Ah, here comes another, riding this way;
We soon shall know what he has to say.
Courier! what are the tidings to-day?
"Christ is arisen!" Whence come you? "From town."
Then I do not believe it; away with you, clown.

Cracks his whip more violently.

And here comes a third, who is spurring amain;
What news do you bring, with your loose-hanging rein,
Your spurs wet with blood, and your bridle with foam?
"Christ is arisen!" Whence come you? "From Rome."

preaching were the Dominicans, founded by Saint Dominic in 1216. They wore a black cloak over a white tunic, and had a great reputation as artists as well as preachers. Much of this sermon is taken literally from a discourse of Fra Barletta, a Dominican of the fifteenth century, who, like many other mendicant preachers of the Middle Ages, availed himself of story, legend, and jest to gain the attention of his hearers, and thus made the pulpit a source of entertainment. The sermon also exhibits the prevailing taste for symbolism, as in the interpretation of bell-ringing, which was derived from the schoolmen. Schiller introduces a similarly familiar discourse in his graphic picture of army life during the Thirty Years' War, *Wallenstein's Camp*. The great preachers of the Middle Ages arose in connection with the crusades. "Preaching, as a necessary and constituent part of religious culture," says Allen (*The Continuity of Christian Thought*, 251), "originated with the heretical sects of the twelfth century, such as the Cathari and the Waldenses. When its power was seen in diffusing heresy the Dominicans seized upon it as equally effective for overcoming heresy."

Ah, now I believe. He is risen, indeed.
Ride on with the news, at the top of your speed!

Great applause among the crowd.

To come back to my text! When the news was first spread
That Christ was arisen indeed from the dead,
Very great was the joy of the angels in heaven;
And as great the dispute as to who should carry
The tidings thereof to the Virgin Mary,
Pierced to the heart with sorrows seven.
Old Father Adam was first to propose,
As being the author of all our woes;
But he was refused, for fear, said they,
He would stop to eat apples on the way!
Abel came next, but petitioned in vain,
Because he might meet with his brother Cain!
Noah, too, was refused, lest his weakness for wine
Should delay him at every tavern-sign;
And John the Baptist could not get a vote,
On account of his old-fashioned camel's-hair coat;
And the Penitent Thief, who died on the cross,
Was reminded that all his bones were broken!
Till at last, when each in turn had spoken,
The company being still at a loss,
The Angel, who rolled away the stone,
Was sent to the sepulchre, all alone,
And filled with glory that gloomy prison,
And said to the Virgin, "The Lord is arisen!"

232. *Sorrows seven.* The Seven Sorrows of the Virgin Mary were: 1st. When Jesus was presented in the Temple and Simeon predicted, "Yea, a sword shall pierce through thy own soul also," foretelling Christ's passion and death; 2d. The Flight into Egypt; 3d. When Christ was lost for three days at Jerusalem; 4th. When she met Christ bearing the cross; 5th. When she saw him raised upon the cross and beheld him die; 6th. When she saw the lance pierce his side after his death; 7th. When she saw his body laid in the tomb Seven joys correspond to these seven sorrows.

The Cathedral bells ring.

But hark! the bells are beginning to chime;
And I feel that I am growing hoarse.
I will put an end to my discourse,
And leave the rest for some other time.
For the bells themselves are the best of preachers;
Their brazen lips are learned teachers,
From their pulpits of stone, in the upper air,
Sounding aloft, without crack or flaw,
Shriller than trumpets under the Law,
Now a sermon and now a prayer.
The clangorous hammer is the tongue,
This way, that way, beaten and swung,
That from mouth of brass, as from Mouth of Gold,
May be taught the Testaments, New and Old.
And above it the great cross-beam of wood
Representeth the Holy Rood,
Upon which, like the bell, our hopes are hung.
And the wheel wherewith it is swayed and rung
Is the mind of man, that round and round
Sways, and maketh the tongue to sound!
And the rope, with its twisted cordage three,
Denoteth the Scriptural Trinity
Of Morals, and Symbols, and History;
And the upward and downward motions show
That we touch upon matters high and low;
And the constant change and transmutation

263. See Additional Notes, at end of this book.

266. *The Holy Rood.* The Rood, from an Anglo-Saxon word signifying rod or cross, is a representation, carved in wood or stone, of Christ hanging on the tree, or of the Holy Trinity. Thus the Abbey of Holyrood in Edinburgh received its name because a cross miraculously descended from the sky into the hand of David I., and put to flight a stag which was attacking him. In the friar's sermon Christ and the other members of the Trinity, "our hopes," are hung from the Rood, as the bell from the cross-beam.

Of action and of contemplation,
Downward, the Scripture brought from on high,
Upward, exalted again to the sky;
Downward, the literal interpretation,
Upward, the Vision and Mystery!

And now, my hearers, to make an end,
I have only one word more to say;
In the church, in honor of Easter day,
Will be represented a Miracle Play;
And I hope you will all have the grace to attend.
Christ bring us at last to his felicity!
Pax vobiscum! et Benedicite!

IN THE CATHEDRAL.

CHANT. Kyrie Eleison!
Christe Eleison!

ELSIE. I am at home here in my Father's house!
These paintings of the Saints upon the walls
Have all familiar and benignant faces.

285. *Play.* Miracle Plays were given on the anniversaries of the great heathen festivals of Eostre and Yule-tide to attempt some visible representation of the meaning of the Easter and Christmas festivals which supplanted them.

288. *Benedicite.* The blessing of the congregation by the priest at the conclusion of the office of the mass. "In all these popular sermons," says Scherer, "we notice a false striving after realistic effect, much obscure learning, and a mass of satire and anecdote, of frivolous and comic ingredients." (*Hist. of Ger. Lit.* ch. ix.)

289. *Kyrie Eleison.* The response in the Litany, "Lord have mercy upon us! Christ have mercy upon us!" Litanies, from a Greek word signifying supplication, were first used in processions to deprecate the divine wrath in times of pestilence, as when Gregory I. led the people of Rome to St. Peter's, and saw the archangel Michael sheathe his blood-stained sword above the mausoleum of Hadrian, hence called the Castle of St. Angelo.

292. *Paintings.* Even before the time of Constantine the Great pictures representing the events related in the Scriptures had been set up in churches, as Gregory I. said later, "not for worship, but to instruct the minds of the ignorant." Pictures were first introduced into English churches in the seventh century.

PRINCE HENRY. The portraits of the family of God!

Thine own hereafter shall be placed among them.

ELSIE. How very grand it is and wonderful!
Never have I beheld a church so splendid!
Such columns, and such arches, and such windows,
So many tombs and statues in the chapels,
And under them so many confessionals.
They must be for the rich. I should not like
To tell my sins in such a church as this.
Who built it?

PRINCE HENRY. A great master of his craft,
Erwin von Steinbach; but not he alone,
For many generations labored with him.
Children that came to see these Saints in stone,
As day by day out of the blocks they rose,
Grew old and died, and still the work went on,

295. *Thine own.* Intimating that after her death she would be canonized, or enrolled in the authorized list of saints and martyrs, whose pictures afterward adorned the walls of churches. The first formal canonization was instituted by Leo III. in 804, and after 1170 the right was limited to papal authority.

299. *Chapels.* The religious rites of the Greeks and Romans were chiefly performed in the open air, and only their idols and altars needed architectural protection. In the colder regions of the North the Church required protection for the worshippers; hence religious edifices were arranged with reference to this necessity. The nave was constructed in the centre for the processions on the occasion of great solemnities; aisles were made for the reception of the beholders; choirs were set apart for the service of the priests, and chapels were erected around the edifice by grateful parishioners, whose tombs and statues gave opportunity for the display of wealth as well as of piety.

305. *E. von Steinbach.* The cathedral was rebuilt at the beginning of the eleventh century; part of the present nave was completed in 1275; the foundation of the towers was laid the next year, and from that time until his death in 1318 Erwin von Steinbach carried out his designs, which were continued by his son, and afterward by his daughter Sabina. The spire was not completed until 1439. The statue of the architect was in reality carved by himself. It stands in the south transept near the famous clock, opposite the pillar here described. The connection of Sabina with the cathedral is doubtful.

And on, and on, and is not yet completed.
The generation that succeeds our own
Perhaps may finish it. The architect
Built his great heart into these sculptured stones,
And with him toiled his children, and their lives
Were builded, with his own, into the walls,
As offerings unto God. You see that statue
Fixing its joyous, but deep-wrinkled eyes
Upon the Pillar of the Angels yonder.
That is the image of the master, carved
By the fair hand of his own child, Sabina.

ELSIE. How beautiful is the column that he looks at!

PRINCE HENRY. That, too, she sculptured. At the base of it
Stand the Evangelists; above their heads
Four Angels blowing upon marble trumpets,
And over them the blessed Christ, surrounded
By his attendant ministers, upholding
The instruments of his passion.

ELSIE. O my Lord!
Would I could leave behind me upon earth
Some monument to thy glory, such as this!

PRINCE HENRY. A greater monument than this thou leavest
In thine own life, all purity and love!
See, too, the Rose, above the western portal

333. *The Rose.* The beautiful circular window of painted glass, called Rose or Marigold from its shape and the richness and variety of its hues, in the west front of this cathedral, is forty-three feet in diameter, and, with the other glass, is the work of the fifteenth century. Such windows are marked features of the richest period of Gothic architecture.

> "And the great Rose upon its leaves displays
> Christ's triumph, and the angelic roundelays."
> Longfellow: Sonnet V. — *On Translating Dante.*

Resplendent with a thousand gorgeous colors,
The perfect flower of Gothic loveliness!

ELSIE. And, in the gallery, the long line of statues,
Christ with his twelve Apostles watching us!

A BISHOP *in armor, booted and spurred, passes with his train.**

PRINCE HENRY. But come away; we have not time to look.
The crowd already fill the church, and yonder
Upon a stage, a herald with a trumpet,
Clad like the Angel Gabriel, proclaims
The Mystery that will now be represented.

* Fighting prelates were not uncommon in the Middle Ages, when many of them were princes as well as ecclesiastics. A certain Bishop of Durham defended his episcopal authority with arms. The Bishop of Norwich, *temp.* Richard II., routed Wat Tyler's insurgents in the field, and then confessed and absolved them as he hurried them to the gibbet. He afterward engaged in armed quarrels upon the continent. Peter Damian complained of bishops who rode attended by troops of soldiers, "girt about with armed men, like a heathen general!" (*v.* Stephen's *Essays in Eccles. Biog.*, — Hildebrand, 16.)

341. *Gabriel*, the second in rank among the archangels, is always represented as a messenger bearing important tidings, as to the Virgin Mary, his salutation forming the *Ave Maria* of the Catholic rosary. (*v. Sacred and Legend. Art*, i. 118.) The Jews believed him to be chief of the angelic guards and keeper of the celestial treasury. The Mohammedans call him their patron saint, as the Prophet considered him his inspiring angel.

342. *Mystery.* A distinction existed between Mysteries and Moralities. The *Mysterium* was derived from the Bible, and was the visible representation of the incarnation and redemption; the Moralities were allegorical representations of virtue and vice. They were sometimes united, as in the first scene of this play, where the Four Virtues appear with Mercy and Wisdom. In England the Moralities gradually superseded the Scriptural or legendary characters, and are frequently alluded to by Shakespeare. (*v. Twelfth Night*, iv. 1; *I. Henry IV.* ii. 4; *II. Henry IV.* iii. 2; *Richard III.* iii. 1; *Hamlet*, iii. 4.)

THE NATIVITY.

A MIRACLE-PLAY.*

INTROITUS.

PRÆCO. Come, good people, all and each,
Come and listen to our speech!
In your presence here I stand,
With a trumpet in my hand,
To announce the Easter Play,
Which we represent to-day!
First of all we shall rehearse,
In our action and our verse,
The Nativity of our Lord,
As written in the old record
Of the Protevangelion,
So that he who reads may run!

Blows his trumpet.

* Miracle-plays began to be given in France in the eleventh century, in England and Germany about 1190, and so on to the fourteenth century. The first plays in Germany were written by a nun, Roswitha of Gandersheim. At first the interior of the church was the scene of these representations, as here, but later the stage was set up in the open air. The Passion Plays arose from the custom of reading aloud during Passion Week the Gospel account of the sufferings of Christ, and assigning to different persons the dialogues of the narrative. (*v.* Hase, *Miracle Plays and Sacred Dramas.*)

343. *Præco.* It was the duty of the herald not only to introduce the play by a prologue, but also to present the actors to the audience with a simple description of the action.

353. *Protevangelion.* The second of the apocryphal gospels, containing an historical account of the birth of Christ, was ascribed to St. James the Less. The allusions to it in the ancient Fathers are numerous, especially concerning the age of Joseph at the time of his espousal to Mary.

354. *Run.* (*v. Habakkuk* ii. 2.) Often quoted: "He who runs may read."

I. HEAVEN.

MERCY, *at the feet of God.* Have pity, Lord!
be not afraid
To save mankind, whom thou hast made,
Nor let the souls that were betrayed
Perish eternally!
JUSTICE. It cannot be, it must not be!
When in the garden placed by thee,
The fruit of the forbidden tree
He ate, and he must die!
MERCY. Have pity, Lord! let penitence
Atone for disobedience,
Nor let the fruit of man's offence
Be endless misery!
JUSTICE. What penitence proportionate
Can e'er be felt for sin so great?
Of the forbidden fruit he ate,
And damned must he be!
GOD. He shall be saved, if that within
The bounds of earth one free from sin
Be found, who for his kith and kin
Will suffer martyrdom.
THE FOUR VIRTUES. Lord! we have searched
the world around,
From centre to the utmost bound,
But no such mortal can be found;
Despairing, back we come.
WISDOM. No mortal, but a God made man,

375. *Four Virtues.* Prudence, Justice, Temperance, Fortitude. They were called the "cardinal virtues," because the Christian character is supported by them as by a hinge (*cardo*). Personified they formed the second choir of the second hierarchy of spiritual beings, —Dominions, Virtues, Powers.

Can ever carry out this plan,
Achieving what none other can,
Salvation unto all!
GOD. Go, then, O my beloved Son!
It can by thee alone be done;
By thee the victory shall be won
O'er Satan and the Fall!

Here the ANGEL GABRIEL *shall leave Paradise and fly towards the Earth; the Jaws of Hell open below,* and the Devils walk about, making a great noise.*

II. MARY AT THE WELL.†

MARY. Along the garden walk, and thence
Through the wicket in the garden fence,
I steal with quiet pace,
My pitcher at the well to fill,
That lies so deep and cool and still
In this sequestered place.

These sycamores keep guard around;
I see no face, I hear no sound,
Save bubblings of the spring,

* A stage of three stories was often erected, the topmost representing Paradise (hence in Germany this word is used for the upper gallery of a theatre, *anglicé*, "the Gods"); on the middle stage was the Earth; below were the "Jaws of Hell," sometimes represented by the opening and shutting of the mouth of an enormous dragon. Goethe introduces the Jaws of Hell in the stage machinery of the second part of *Faust* (V.).

† (*v. Protevangelion*, IX.) All the scenes of this Miracle Play in which the events differ from the narrative of the Evangelists are taken literally from the Protevangelion and the First and Second Gospels of the Infancy of Christ in the *Apocryphal New Testament*.

393. *Sycamores*. The sycamore was brought into Europe by the crusaders, and became a favorite tree because sacred to the Madonna, from the legend that a grove of them sprang up miraculously to refresh the Holy Family on the Flight into Egypt.

And my companions, who within
The threads of gold and scarlet spin,
And at their labor sing.
THE ANGEL GABRIEL. Hail, Virgin Mary, full of grace!

Here MARY *looketh around her, trembling, and then saith:*

MARY. Who is it speaketh in this place,
With such a gentle voice?
GABRIEL. The Lord of heaven is with thee now!
Blessed among all women thou,
Who art his holy choice!
MARY, *setting down the pitcher.* What can this mean? No one is near,
And yet, such sacred words I hear,
I almost fear to stay.

Here the ANGEL, *appearing to her, shall say*

GABRIEL. Fear not, O Mary! but believe!
For thou, a Virgin, shalt conceive
A child this very day.

Fear not, O Mary! from the sky
The majesty of the Most High
Shall overshadow thee!
MARY. Behold the handmaid of the Lord!
According to thy holy word,
So be it unto me!

Here the Devils shall again make a great noise, under the stage.

399. *Full of grace.* A translation of the words of the Catholic rosary, — *Ave Maria gratia plena!*

III. THE ANGELS OF THE SEVEN PLANETS,* BEARING THE STAR OF BETHLEHEM.

THE ANGELS. The Angels of the Planets Seven,
Across the shining fields of heaven
The natal star we bring!
Dropping our sevenfold virtues down,
As priceless jewels in the crown
Of Christ, our new-born King.
RAPHAEL. I am the Angel of the Sun,
Whose flaming wheels began to run
When God's almighty breath
Said to the darkness and the Night,
Let there be light! and there was light!
I bring the gift of Faith.
ONAFIEL. I am the Angel of the Moon,
Darkened, to be rekindled soon
Beneath the azure cope!

* Seven angels are the regents of the seven planets, to which seven virtues correspond, generally the following: Humility, Liberality, Chastity, Meekness, Temperance, Brotherly Love, Diligence. The mediæval theory of the connection between angels and planets ruled by them was derived through rabbinical traditions from writers of those oriental nations who were the first to develop the idea of angels and to study the stars. Raphael painted angels as regents of the planets in the church of St. Maria del Popolo in Rome.

423. *Raphael.* The third archangel, protector of the young and innocent, the patron saint of travellers (*v. Book of Tobit*); "the sociable spirit," sent to Adam and Eve. (*v. Par. Lost*, Bk. v.; *Sacred and Legend. Art*, i. 126.)

423. *Sun.* All systems of astronomy, until the adoption of the Copernican, included the sun and moon among the planets. Thus Milton makes Adam, in his morning hymn, address the sun, moon, and "ye five other wandering fires." *Par. Lost*, iv. In the Talmud a special angel was assigned to every star and to every element, and the idea of this connection, and of the influence of stars upon human destiny, was common throughout the Middle Ages. *v. King Lear*, IV. 3.

429. *Onafiel.* The seven angels are elsewhere given as Raphael, Michael, Gabriel, Uriel, who taught Esdras, Chemuel, who wrestled with Jacob, Zophiel, who drove Adam and Eve out of Paradise, and Zadkiel, who stayed the hand of Abraham when about to slay Isaac. (*v.* Stanley's *Lectures on the Jewish Church*, ch. xlv.)

Nearest to earth, it is my ray
That best illumes the midnight way.
I bring the gift of Hope!

ANAEL. The Angel of the Star of Love,
The Evening Star, that shines above
The place where lovers be,
Above all happy hearths and homes,
On roofs of thatch, or golden domes,
I give him Charity!

ZOBIACHEL. The Planet Jupiter is mine!
The mightiest star of all that shine,
Except the sun alone!
He is the High Priest of the Dove,
And sends, from his great throne above,
Justice, that shall atone!

MICHAEL. The Planet Mercury, whose place
Is nearest to the sun in space,
Is my allotted sphere!
And with celestial ardor swift
I bear upon my hands the gift
Of heavenly Prudence here!

URIEL. I am the Minister of Mars,
The strongest star among the stars!
My songs of power prelude
The march and battle of man's life,
And for the suffering and the strife,
I give him Fortitude!

444. *He is the High Priest.* According to Aristotle (*de Cœlo*, ii. 2), the heavenly spheres have a soul or life, including in themselves a motive power; they have intellectual faculties and volition, and a number of purely spiritual beings exist, corresponding to the number of spheres. These beings are the causes of the existence and motion of the spheres, and derive their existence directly or indirectly from the First Cause. Philosophers following Aristotle held that the world is governed by influences emanating from the spheres, and that the latter comprehend and have knowledge of the things which they influence.

ORIFEL. The Angel of the uttermost
Of all the shining, heavenly host,
From the far-off expanse
Of the Saturnian, endless space
I bring the last, the crowning grace,
The gift of Temperance!

*A sudden light shines from the windows of the stable in the village below.**

IV. THE WISE MEN OF THE EAST.†

The stable of the Inn. The VIRGIN *and* CHILD. *Three Gypsy Kings,* GASPAR, MELCHIOR, *and* BELSHAZZAR, *shall come in.*‡

GASPAR. Hail to thee, Jesus of Nazareth!
Though in a manger thou draw breath,
Thou art greater than Life and Death,
Greater than Joy or Woe!
This cross upon the line of life

* This scene has taken place in the uppermost story of the stage, and the light below shines in the second story.

† Called Magi, from a Persian word signifying priest, a sacred caste of the Medo-Persians, who later practised divination and other occult sciences, but originally superintended everything that regarded the higher culture of the people. For this scene, *v. First Infancy of Christ*, iii.

‡ When the Adoration of the Magi had become, under monkish influences, one of the most popular legends of the Middle Ages, the wise men were represented as kings: Caspar of Tarsus, the land of merchants; Melchior of Arabia and Nubia; and Belshazzar, or Balthasar, of Saba, the land of spices and precious gems. The Empress Helena removed their remains from the far East to Constantinople. During the first crusade they were carried from the mosque of St. Sophia to Milan, and, when Frederick Barbarossa took the city in 1164, he gave them to the archbishop of Cologne, in the cathedral of which city their skulls, adorned with precious stones, may still be seen. But three kings were worshipped in Germany long before the story of the journey of the Magi became attached to Eastern monarchs, and the "Three Kings of Cologne" were probably the three greater Teutonic divinities, Odin, Thor, and Tyr. (*v.* Keary's *Outlines*, 382.) See also Additional Notes, at end of this book.

469. *Cross.* For the legend that, on the arrival of the Holy Family in

Portendeth struggle, toil, and strife,
And through a region with peril rife
In darkness shalt thou go!
MELCHIOR. Hail to thee, King of Jerusalem!
Though humbly born in Bethlehem,
A sceptre and a diadem
Await thy brow and hand!
The sceptre is a simple reed,
The crown will make thy temples bleed,
And in thy hour of greatest need,
Abashed thy subjects stand!
BELSHAZZAR. Hail to thee, Christ of Christendom!
O'er all the earth thy kingdom come!
From distant Trebizond to Rome
Thy name shall men adore!
Peace and good-will among all men,
The Virgin has returned again,
Returned the old Saturnian reign
And Golden Age once more.

Egypt, a gypsy woman foretold the life and passion of Christ by the lines on his hand, *v. Legends of the Madonna*, 260.

483. *Trebizond.* An important sea-port of Asiatic Turkey on the Black Sea, *entrepôt* of the trade of Armenia and Northern Persia with Europe. Tradition says that the Magi returned by sea to their homes, for fear of Herod; that they never resumed their royal state, but preached Christ and ultimately suffered martyrdom.

487. *Saturnian.* Saturnus was a fabulous god or king of Italy, who introduced agriculture, and from whom the country received the name of Saturnia, from *sero*, *satum*, "to sow," the land of plenty. During his reign Italy enjoyed her golden age, which disappeared with him. From his withdrawal comes the second name, Latium, from *latere*, "to lie hid." The Roman festival of the Saturnalia celebrated the memory of the founder of agriculture. Cf. Pope's *Messiah* in imitation of Virgil's *Pollio*.

488. *Golden Age.* That which Italy enjoyed under Saturn is therefore the best age. Hesiod names five: the Golden or patriarchal, under Saturn; the Silver or voluptuous, under Jupiter; the Bronze or warlike, under Neptune; the Heroic or renaissant, under Mars; the Iron, the present age, under Pluto. According to Lucretius there were three ages, of Stone, Bronze, and Iron.

THE CHILD CHRIST.* Jesus, the Son of God, am I,
Born here to suffer and to die
According to the prophecy,
That other men may live!
THE VIRGIN. And now these clothes, that wrapped him, take
And keep them precious, for his sake;
Our benediction thus we make,
Naught else have we to give. †

She gives them swaddling-clothes, and they depart.

V. THE FLIGHT INTO EGYPT.‡

Here shall JOSEPH *come in, leading an ass, on which are seated* MARY *and the* CHILD.

MARY. Here will we rest us, under these
O'erhanging branches of the trees,
Where robins chant their Litanies
And canticles of joy.
JOSEPH. My saddle-girths have given way
With trudging through the heat to-day;
To you I think it is but play
To ride and hold the boy.
MARY. Hark! how the robins shout and sing,
As if to hail their infant King!

* That Christ spoke to the Magi from the manger prophesying his death is an old tradition founded on the *First Infancy of Christ*, i. 3.

† The gifts of the Magi were gold, as an emblem of royalty; frankincense, in token of Christ's divinity; and myrrh, in prophetic allusion to his persecution and death. In return Christ gave them charity and spiritual riches for gold; perfect faith for their incense; and truth and meekness of spirit for the myrrh. The Virgin gave them the Infant's swaddling clothes.

‡ *v. First Infancy of Christ*, iv.

I will alight at yonder spring
To wash his little coat.

JOSEPH. And I will hobble well the ass,
Lest, being loose upon the grass,
He should escape ; for, by the mass,
He 's nimble as a goat.

Here MARY *shall alight and go to the spring.*

MARY. O Joseph! I am much afraid,
For men are sleeping in the shade ;
I fear that we shall be waylaid,
And robbed and beaten sore!

*Here a band of robbers shall be seen sleeping, two of whom shall rise and come forward.**

DUMACHUS. Cock's soul! deliver up your gold!

JOSEPH. I pray you, Sirs, let go your hold!
You see that I am weak and old,
Of wealth I have no store.

DUMACHUS. Give up your money!

TITUS. Prithee cease.
Let these good people go in peace.

DUMACHUS. First let them pay for their release,
And then go on their way.

TITUS. These forty groats I give in fee,
If thou wilt only silent be.

MARY. May God be merciful to thee
Upon the Judgment Day!

JESUS. When thirty years shall have gone by,
I at Jerusalem shall die,

* *v. First Infancy of Christ*, viii. 1–7.

519. *Old.* Tradition derived from the *Apocryphal New Testament* represents Joseph as a widower when he espoused Mary. In early art he is very old; later painters make him of middle age. (*v. Legend. and Myth. Art*, 162.)

By Jewish hands exalted high
On the accursed tree.
Then on my right and my left side,
These thieves shall both be crucified,
And Titus thenceforth shall abide
In paradise with me.

Here a great rumor of trumpets and horses, like the noise of a king with his army, and the robbers shall take flight.

VI. THE SLAUGHTER OF THE INNOCENTS.*

KING HEROD. Potz-tausend! Himmel-sacrament!
Filled am I with great wonderment
At this unwelcome news!
Am I not Herod? Who shall dare
My crown to take, my sceptre bear,
As king among the Jews?

Here he shall stride up and down and flourish his sword.†

What ho! I fain would drink a can
Of the strong wine of Canaan!

536. *Titus* is considered by the Catholic Church the first Christian martyr, and is represented in art with the palm, the symbol of martyrdom; his festival occurs on Innocents' Day, Dec. 28.

* This was a frequent subject of mediæval Mysteries. The Holy Innocents, although unconscious for whose sake they died, have always been considered martyrs. There are no pictures of them in Italian churches previous to the latter half of the fifteenth century. After that time, however, such groups became common as altar-pieces, because foundling hospitals were then established throughout the country, and the churches connected with them were naturally decorated with this subject. Innocents' Day was considered in England, from the horror caused by the martyrdom, one of the most unlucky days of the year. To marry on Childermas, as the festival was called, was particularly inauspicious.

† In the old Miracle-Plays Herod was a favorite personage, and was represented as a tyrant of a very overbearing character. Thus Hamlet (iii. 2) says that an actor who "tears a passion to tatters" "out-Herods Herod." This character of a swaggering, uproarious tyrant, is maintained in the English Towneley and Chester Miracle Plays.

The wine of Helbon bring
I purchased at the Fair of Tyre,
As red as blood, as hot as fire,
And fit for any king!

He quaffs great goblets of wine.

Now at the window will I stand,
While in the street the armed band
The little children slay:
The babe just born in Bethlehem
Will surely slaughtered be with them,
Nor live another day!

Here a voice of lamentation shall be heard in the street.

RACHEL. O wicked king! O cruel speed!
To do this most unrighteous deed!
My children all are slain!

HEROD. Ho seneschal! another cup!
With wine of Sorek fill it up!
I would a bumper drain!

RAHAB. May maledictions fall and blast
Thyself and lineage, to the last
Of all thy kith and kin!

HEROD. Another goblet! quick! and stir
Pomegranate juice and drops of myrrh
And calamus therein!

546. *Helbon.* A village near Damascus, in a country rich in vines and fig-trees. (*v. Ezekiel* xxvii. 18.)

560. *Sorek.* A valley near Gaza. The word in Hebrew means a particularly choice vine, bearing a grape of dusky color, with a rich, purple juice.

566. *Myrrh.* Othello (v. 2) speaks of myrrh, a transparent gum-resin, of amber color, and bitter, pungent taste, which exudes from the bark of a tree in Abyssinia and Arabia: —

> "Drop tears as fast as the Arabian trees
> Their medicinal gum."

567. *Calamus.* Sweet-flag, a root of pungent, aromatic taste. The leaves have a similar odor, and were used to strew on floors, in place of rushes.

SOLDIERS, *in the street.* Give up thy child into
our hands!
It is King Herod who commands
That he should thus be slain!
THE NURSE MEDUSA. O monstrous men! What
have ye done!
It is King Herod's only son
That ye have cleft in twain!
HEROD. Ah, luckless day! What words of fear
Are these that smite upon my ear
With such a doleful sound!
What torments rack my heart and head!
Would I were dead! would I were dead,
And buried in the ground!

He falls down and writhes as though eaten by worms. Hell opens, and SATAN *and* ASTAROTH * *come forth, and drag him down.*

VII. JESUS AT PLAY WITH HIS SCHOOLMATES.†

JESUS. The shower is over. Let us play,
And make some sparrows out of clay,
Down by the river's side.

572. *Son.* Five days before his death Herod ordered the execution of his son Antipater, which probably gave rise to the tradition that one of his own children perished at Bethlehem. Antipater was then forty years of age.

* Also called Astarte; a Phœnician goddess of sensual delights, like Aphrodite, Mylitta of Babylon, and Cybele of Phrygia. As gods and goddesses who once ruled over the great phenomena of nature found a refuge in the heavenly bodies on losing their mythological divinity, Astaroth came to be, like Diana and Isis, identified with the moon, as Baal, the other great Syrian divinity, represented the sun.

"And moonéd Astaroth,
Heaven's queen and mother both."
Milton's *Ode to the Nativity.*

† *v. First Infancy of Christ*, xv. 1–7, xix. 16–21, and *Second Infancy*, i. 2–10

JUDAS. See how the stream has overflowed
Its banks, and o'er the meadow road
Is spreading far and wide!

They draw water out of the river by channels, and form little pools. JESUS *makes twelve sparrows of clay, and the other boys do the same.*

JESUS. Look! look! how prettily I make
These little sparrows by the lake
Bend down their necks and drink!
Now will I make them sing and soar
So far, they shall return no more
Unto this river's brink.

JUDAS. That canst thou not! They are but clay,
They cannot sing, nor fly away
Above the meadow lands!

JESUS. Fly, fly! ye sparrows! you are free!
And while you live, remember me,
Who made you with my hands.

Here JESUS *shall clap his hands, and the sparrows shall fly away, chirruping.* *

JUDAS. Thou art a sorcerer, I know;
Oft has my mother told me so,
I will not play with thee!

He strikes JESUS *on the right side.* †

JESUS. Ah, Judas! thou hast smote my side,
And when I shall be crucified,
There shall I pierced be!

Here JOSEPH *shall come in and say:*

JOSEPH. Ye wicked boys! why do ye play,
And break the holy Sabbath day?

* *First Infancy of Christ*, xix. 19.
† *First Infancy of Christ*, xiv. 4–10.

What, think ye, will your mothers say
To see you in such plight!
In such a sweat and such a heat,
With all that mud upon your feet!
There 's not a beggar in the street
Makes such a sorry sight!

VIII. THE VILLAGE SCHOOL.*

The RABBI BEN ISRAEL,† *with a long beard, sitting on a high stool, with a rod in his hand.*

RABBI. I am the Rabbi Ben Israel,
Throughout this village known full well,
And, as my scholars all will tell,
Learned in things divine;
The Cabala and Talmud hoar

* *v. First Infancy of Christ*, xx.

† The rabbis were the teachers of the Jewish people. It was required that a child should begin to learn the law by heart at five years of age. In school the pupils sat on benches or on the floor, the rabbi on a raised seat, called the "Seat of Moses." The form of teaching was by question and answer, as here. As knowledge of the law was traditional, teacher and scholar alike depended upon memory. To forget a word once learned was an unpardonable crime on the part of the pupil.

616. *Cabala.* A collection of doctrine given to the Hebrews by oral tradition from God to Moses, hence to Aaron, and so on, and serving as an interpretation of the hidden sense of Scripture. As every Hebrew letter represents a number, each word has a numerical value, and for it any other word can be substituted having the same value. This system opened the door to an unbounded mysticism, as a secret meaning was attributed to every word of Scripture, to which the Cabalists alone had the key. Their books date from the ninth to the fourteenth centuries A. D., and combine the teachings of the Talmud with the Alexandrian or Neo-Platonic philosophy.

616. *Talmud.* The body of Hebrew laws, traditions, and explanations of duty, derived from Scripture or tradition. Its compilation began with the return of the Jews from the Babylonian captivity, and was carried on by the scribes until 200 B. C. It consists of two parts, of which the first, the Mishna, is the text, and the second, the Gemara, a commentary upon it. (*v. Littell's Living Age*, xcvi. 18, and cxlii. 195.)

Than all the prophets prize I more,
For water is all Bible lore,
But Mishna is strong wine.

My fame extends from West to East,
And always, at the Purim feast,
I am as drunk as any beast
That wallows in his sty;
The wine it so elateth me,
That I no difference can see
Between "Accursed Haman be!"
And "Blessed be Mordecai!"

Come hither, Judas Iscariot;
Say, if thy lesson thou hast got
From the Rabbinical Book or not.
Why howl the dogs at night?
JUDAS. In the Rabbinical Book, it saith
The dogs howl, when with icy breath
Great Sammaël, the Angel of Death,
Takes through the town his flight!

619. *Wine.* Some rabbis said that the Bible was like water, the Mishna like wine, and the Gemara like spiced wine.

621. *Purim.* A Persian word, meaning *lot;* hence the Feast of Lots, instituted to commemorate the deliverance of the Jews from the machinations of Haman. At this feast the entire book of Esther was read to keep alive the memory of the great event. At every mention of the name of Haman the children raised cries of anger, while the elders stamped on the floor, imprecating the curse: "Let his name be blotted out. The name of the wicked shall perish." (*v.* Stanley's *Jewish Church*, ch. xlv.)

627. *Mordecai.* The Gemara directs Jews to become so intoxicated on this feast that they cannot perceive the difference between "Blessed be Mordecai!" and "Cursed be Haman!"

634. *Sammaël.* The Hebrew Evil Spirit, the Serpent, and, by derivation, the Angel of Death, corresponding to the Teutonic Wild Huntsman. (*v.* Conway's *Demonology*, part iv. ch. 12, 22, 26.) The name reappears in the German Zamiel, the Black Huntsman, who is present at the casting of the magic bullet, accompanied by his aerial cavalcade, as in the opera of *Der Freischütz.*

RABBI. Well, boy! now say, if thou art wise,
When the Angel of Death, who is full of eyes,
Comes where a sick man dying lies,
What doth he to the wight?

JUDAS. He stands beside him, dark and tall,
Holding a sword, from which doth fall
Into his mouth a drop of gall,
And so he turneth white.

RABBI. And now, my Judas, say to me
What the great Voices Four may be,
That quite across the world do flee,
And are not heard by men?

JUDAS. The Voice of the Sun in heaven's dome,
The Voice of the Murmuring of Rome,
The Voice of a Soul that goeth home,
And the Angel of the Rain!

RABBI. Right are thine answers every one!
Now little Jesus, the carpenter's son,
Let us see how thy task is done,
Canst thou thy letters say?

The rabbis taught that the howling of dogs indicated the approach of the Angel of Death. This superstition, which still exists in England, also comes from the Romans (*v.* Virgil's *Georgics*, i. 70), and from the Aryan mythology, which represents a dog as summoning the departing soul. It was an omen of misfortune as well as of death. (*v. III. Henry VI.* v. 6.)

637. *The Angel of Death* is represented in the Talmud as standing at the head of the dying man, with a drawn sword in his hand, on the point of which is a drop of gall. When the dying man sees it he shudders and opens his mouth, into which the drop falls. He then dies and turns pale, and when the soul, after flying around the body for three days, sees the face changed, it goes away. In other legends Asrael presents a cup containing gall; hence the symbolical use of the word "cup" for death (*St. Matt.* xxvi. 39), and the expression "to taste of death."

645. *Voices Four* The Talmud teaches that there are three voices that can be heard from one end of the world to the other, — the voice of the sun as he rolls in his orbit, the hum and din of the city of Rome, and the cry of the soul as it leaves the body. The rabbis, however, prayed for mercy on the soul, and this voice has ceased.

JESUS. Aleph.

RABBI. What next? Do not stop yet!
Go on with all the alphabet.
Come, Aleph, Beth; dost thou forget?

Cock's soul! thou 'dst rather play!

JESUS. What Aleph means I fain would know,
Before I any farther go!

RABBI. O, by Saint Peter! wouldst thou so?
Come hither, boy, to me.
As surely as the letter Jod
Once cried aloud, and spake to God,
So surely shalt thou feel this rod,
And punished shalt thou be!

Here RABBI BEN ISRAEL *shall lift up his rod to strike* JESUS, *and his right arm shall be paralyzed.*

IX. CROWNED WITH FLOWERS.*

JESUS *sitting among his playmates crowned with flowers as their King.*

BOYS. We spread our garments on the ground!
With fragrant flowers thy head is crowned,

656. *Aleph*, the first letter of the Hebrew alphabet, means an ox or bullock, because its form in the ancient Phœnician alphabet bore a rude likeness to the head of that animal. As a numeral its value is one, and the Cabalists taught that it denoted the Spirit of God.

665. *Jod.* The tenth and smallest letter of the Hebrew alphabet, corresponding to the Greek *iota;* as in *St. Matthew* v. 18, where it represents the smallest possible comparison. The legend relates that the letter Jod (Yod) cried to God because it was so small that it feared it would be lost or overlooked. The *Apocryphal New Testament* represents the child Jesus explaining to the rabbi the meaning of the letters. (*v. First and Second Infancy of Christ.*)

* *v. First Infancy of Christ*, xviii.

While like a guard we stand around,
And hail thee as our King!
Thou art the new King of the Jews!
Nor let the passers-by refuse
To bring that homage which men use
To majesty to bring.

Here a traveller shall go by, and the boys shall lay hold of his garments and say:

Boys. Come hither! and all reverence pay
Unto our monarch, crowned to-day!
Then go rejoicing on your way,
In all prosperity!

Traveller. Hail to the King of Bethlehem,
Who weareth in his diadem
The yellow crocus for the gem
Of his authority!

He passes by; and others come in, bearing on a litter a sick child.

Boys. Set down the litter and draw near!
The King of Bethlehem is here!
What ails the child, who seems to fear
That we shall do him harm?

The Bearers. He climbed up to the robin's nest,
And out there darted, from his rest,
A serpent with a crimson crest,
And stung him in the arm.

Jesus. Bring him to me, and let me feel
The wounded place; my touch can heal
The sting of serpents, and can steal
The poison from the bite!

He touches the wound, and the boy begins to cry.

Cease to lament! I can foresee
That thou hereafter known shalt be,

Among the men who follow me,
As Simon the Canaanite!

EPILOGUE.

In the after part of the day
Will be represented another play,
Of the Passion of our Blessed Lord,
Beginning directly after Nones!
At the close of which we shall accord,
By way of benison and reward,
The sight of a holy Martyr's bones!

IV.

THE ROAD TO HIRSCHAU.

PRINCE HENRY *and* ELSIE, *with their attendants, on horseback.*

ELSIE. Onward and onward the highway runs to
the distant city, impatiently bearing
Tidings of human joy and disaster, of love and of
hate, of doing and daring!

703. *Passion.* Passion-plays and Easter-plays were sometimes united into one, extending from the Baptism of Christ to the Outpouring of the Holy Spirit. In the fifteenth century these plays often attained a length of 8,000 lines; they went on for three or four days, and as many as three hundred people took part in them: as in that of Ober-Ammergau, one of the few survivors of mediæval realism.

704. *Nones.* The fifth canonical hour, about three o'clock in the afternoon.

707. *Martyr's bones.* The crusaders and pilgrims had brought home great numbers of sacred relics and the bones of martyred saints, and so great was the faith of the Middle Ages that there was scarcely a town that could not show some relic that had cured the sick, or some image that had opened and shut its eyes, like that of Benevento. (*v.* p. 159.) The shrine of a noted saint was often placed in the Presbytery, behind the high altar, where, as well as in the choir aisles, were frequently set up the monuments of ecclesiastics and distinguished benefactors.

PRINCE HENRY. This life of ours is a wild æolian harp of many a joyous strain,
But under them all there runs a loud perpetual wail, as of souls in pain.

ELSIE. Faith alone can interpret life, and the heart that aches and bleeds with the stigma
Of pain, alone bears the likeness of Christ, and can comprehend its dark enigma.

PRINCE HENRY. Man is selfish, and seeketh pleasure with little care of what may betide
Else why am I travelling here beside thee, a demon that rides by an angel's side?

ELSIE. All the hedges are white with dust, and the great dog under the creaking wain
Hangs his head in the lazy heat, while onward the horses toil and strain.

PRINCE HENRY. Now they stop at the wayside inn, and the wagoner laughs with the landlord's daughter,
While out of the dripping trough the horses distend their leathern sides with water.

ELSIE. All through life there are wayside inns, where man may refresh his soul with love;
Even the lowest may quench his thirst at rivulets fed by springs from above.

PRINCE HENRY. Yonder, where rises the cross of stone, our journey along the highway ends,

6. *Christ.* An allusion to the legend of the handkerchief or *sudarium* of St. Veronica, which received the impression of the Saviour's face. (*v.* Baring-Gould's *Lives of the Saints*, July, 287.)

15. *Cross.* Often set up and still seen in Europe where ways meet or wherever the attention of the traveller would be arrested; as Wynken de Worde said in 1496; "For this reason ben Crosses by ye waye, that whan folke passynge see the Crosses, they sholde thynke on Hym that deyed on ye Crosse, and worshyppe Hym above all thynge." The modern sign-post has taken the shape and place of the cross.

And over the fields, by a bridle path, down into the broad green valley descends.

ELSIE. I am not sorry to leave behind the beaten road with its dust and heat;

The air will be sweeter far, and the turf will be softer under our horses' feet.

They turn down a green lane.

ELSIE. Sweet is the air with the budding haws, and the valley stretching for miles below

Is white with blossoming cherry-trees, as if just covered with lightest snow.

PRINCE HENRY. Over our heads a white cascade is gleaming against the distant hill;

We cannot hear it, nor see it move, but it hangs like a banner when winds are still.

ELSIE. Damp and cool is this deep ravine, and cool the sound of the brook by our side!

What is this castle that rises above us, and lords it over a land so wide?

PRINCE HENRY. It is the home of the Counts of Calva; well have I known these scenes of old,

Well I remember each tower and turret, remember the brooklet, the wood, and the wold.

ELSIE. Hark! from the little village below us the bells of the church are ringing for rain!

Priests and peasants in long procession come forth and kneel on the arid plain.

PRINCE HENRY. They have not long to wait, for I see in the south uprising a little cloud,

27. *Rain.* It was believed that rain was under the control of the beneficent spirits, while storm and thunder, hail and lightning, were subject to malevolent demons, in the midst of which they hurried through the air, as in the Prologue. Thus Lucifer appears to Prince Henry in a flash of lightning (*v.* p. 13); and thunder is called "the Devil's own and only prayer." (p. 116.)

28. See note on p 195.

That before the sun shall be set will cover the sky above us as with a shroud.

They pass on.

THE CONVENT OF HIRSCHAU IN THE BLACK FOREST.*

The Convent cellar.† FRIAR CLAUS *comes in with a light and a basket of empty flagons.*

FRIAR CLAUS. I always enter this sacred place
With a thoughtful, solemn, and reverent pace,
Pausing long enough on each stair
To breathe an ejaculatory prayer,
And a benediction on the vines
That produce these various sorts of wines!

For my part, I am well content
That we have got through with the tedious Lent!
Fasting is all very well for those
Who have to contend with invisible foes;

* Near the modern town of Hirsau, on the Nagold, a branch of the Neckar, in Wurtemberg, are the ruins of the Benedictine abbey of Hirschau, founded by a count of Calw, or Calva, in 830, secularized at the Reformation, and destroyed by the French in 1692. It reached its greatest fame under the rule of the Abbot William in the eleventh century. A full account of it may be found in Maitland's *Dark Ages*, and Montalembert's *Monks of the West*, vi.

† One of the most important officials of a convent under the abbot, called *obedientiarii*, was the cellarer, who was the steward of the house. He had the care of everything relating to the provision of the food and vessels of the convent, was exempt from the observance of some of the services in church, had the use of horses and servants for the performance of his duties, and sometimes separate apartments.

38. *Lent.* In Old English *lenten*, A. S. *lencten*, the Spring, because at that season the days begin to lengthen. A forty days' fast, instituted in the second century, in commemoration of that of Christ when under temptation, called in French *carême* from *quadragesima*. To secure a uniformity which had not hitherto existed, Gregory I. ordained that it should begin on Ash Wednesday.

But I am quite sure it does not agree
With a quiet, peaceable man like me,
Who am not of that nervous and meagre kind
That are always distressed in body and mind!
And at times it really does me good
To come down among this brotherhood,
Dwelling forever under ground,
Silent, contemplative, round and sound;
Each one old, and brown with mould,
But filled to the lips with the ardor of youth,
With the latent power and love of truth,
And with virtues fervent and manifold.

I have heard it said, that at Easter-tide,
When buds are swelling on every side,
And the sap begins to move in the vine,
Then in all cellars, far and wide,
The oldest, as well as the newest, wine
Begins to stir itself, and ferment,
With a kind of revolt and discontent
At being so long in darkness pent,
And fain would burst from its sombre tun
To bask on the hill-side in the sun;
As in the bosom of us poor friars,
The tumult of half-subdued desires
For the world that we have left behind
Disturbs at times all peace of mind!
And now that we have lived through Lent,
My duty it is, as often before,
To open awhile the prison-door,
And give these restless spirits vent.

Now here is a cask that stands alone,
And has stood a hundred years or more,

Its beard of cobwebs, long and hoar,
Trailing and sweeping along the floor,
Like Barbarossa, who sits in his cave,
Taciturn, sombre, sedate, and grave,
Till his beard has grown through the table of stone!
It is of the quick and not of the dead!
In its veins the blood is hot and red,
And a heart still beats in those ribs of oak
That time may have tamed, but has not broke!
It comes from Bacharach on the Rhine,
Is one of the three best kinds of wine,
And costs some hundred florins the ohm;
But that I do not consider dear,
When I remember that every year
Four butts are sent to the Pope of Rome.
And whenever a goblet thereof I drain,

75. *Barbarossa.* The legend of enchanted sleep was really believed of Frederick II., dying in Italy, far away from his northern subjects, who thought that he would come again at the head of an army to reform the Church. Until then, however, he was supposed to sleep in the Kyffhäuser cave, or in the Untersberg near Salzburg, sitting at a stone table which his beard envelops. If any one approaches him he asks if the ravens are still flying round the mountain. If so he must sleep another hundred years. It was not till much later that the sleeping emperor was supposed to be Frederick Barbarossa. The ravens connect him with Odin, whose two ravens, Hugin and Munin (Thought and Memory), constantly accompanied him, and whispered in his ear words of counsel. (*v.* Keary's *Outlines*, 489.)

82. *Bacharach.* The name is slightly altered from *Bacchi-ara*, "the altar of Bacchus," applied to a rock in the bed of the Rhine, opposite the town, usually covered with water, but in very dry seasons appearing above the surface, when a good vintage is thereby predicted. To the sixteenth century Bacharach was one of the greatest wine marts on the river.

84. *Florin.* The present florin is worth about fifty cents, but in the Middle Ages its value was at least five times as great. It was so called from Florence, where it was first coined, as the ducat, the first gold coin of Italy, from the dukes of Milan. The ohm is a German measure, containing a tierce, or forty gallons. A tun of the wine of Bacharach was annually sent to Pope Pius II. (1405–1464), who under a previous pontificate had been nuncio to Germany. The town of Nuremberg purchased its freedom by a yearly tribute of four tuns of the same wine to the Emperor Wenceslas (1361–1419).

The old rhyme keeps running in my brain:
At Bacharach on the Rhine,
At Hochheim on the Main,
And at Würzburg on the Stein,
Grow the three best kinds of wine!

They are all good wines, and better far
Than those of the Neckar, or those of the Ahr.
In particular, Würzburg well may boast
Of its blessed wine of the Holy Ghost,
Which of all wines I like the most.
This I shall draw for the Abbot's drinking,
Who seems to be much of my way of thinking.

Fills a flagon.

Ah! how the streamlet laughs and sings!
What a delicious fragrance springs
From the deep flagon, while it fills,
As of hyacinths and daffodils!
Between this cask and the Abbot's lips
Many have been the sips and slips;
Many have been the draughts of wine,
On their way to his, that have stopped at mine;
And many a time my soul has hankered
For a deep draught out of his silver tankard,
When it should have been busy with other affairs,

89. *Old rhyme.* It first appeared in the *Musikalische Kurzweil*, of Nuremberg, 1623: —

"Zu Klingenberg am Main,
Zu Würzburg an dem Stein,
Zu Bacharach am Rhein,
Hab' ich in meinen Tagen
Gar oftmals hören sagen,
Soll'n sein die besten Wein'."

91. *Hochheim.* From Hochheim, near the Main, comes the wine which formerly gave a name to all Rhine wine, — hock. Steinwein, even now called "Holy Ghost's wine," is grown on the steep vineyards above Würzburg. *Vide* also note on p. 195.

Less with its longings and more with its prayers.
But now there is no such awkward condition,
No danger of death and eternal perdition;
So here 's to the Abbot and Brothers all,
Who dwell in this convent of Peter and Paul!

He drinks.

O cordial delicious! O soother of pain!
It flashes like sunshine into my brain!
A benison rest on the Bishop who sends
Such a fudder of wine as this to his friends!
And now a flagon for such as may ask
A draught from the noble Bacharach cask,
And I will be gone, though I know full well
The cellar 's a cheerfuller place than the cell.
Behold where he stands, all sound and good,
Brown and old in his oaken hood;
Silent he seems externally
As any Carthusian monk may be;

116. *Peter and Paul.* Dedicated to these saints. A convent is the name applied to the body of individuals who composed a religious community. These were the cloister monks, lay and clerical; the professed brethren, who were also lay and clerical; the clerks, the novices, and the servants and artisans. The whole convent was under the government of the abbot, who was bound to govern according to the rule of the order.

120. *Fudder.* English *fodder*, from the German *fuder*, a measure for wine, containing six ohms.

124. *Cell.* Nothing was more characteristic of mediæval churchmen than the habit of making puns, even on serious subjects, as Gregory the Great's *Non Angli sed Angeli*, and several others, given in Freeman's *Old English History*, 44. The Dominicans were often painted as black and white dogs, *domini canes*, "the Lord's watch-dogs," as they loved to be called.

128. *Carthusian.* The Carthusian order, a reformed branch of the Benedictines, was founded by St. Bruno in 1084 at Chartreux, near Grenoble, in France (in Italian *Certosa;* English, The Charter-house), the parent house being called *la grande Chartreuse*, giving its name to the liqueur distilled by the monks from plants, of which they alone have the secret. Their rule was the most severe of any; the monks fasted eight months of the year; flesh was forbidden at all times; they ate but one meal a day, separately and in silence, except on certain festivals; and conversation was allowed but once a week.

But within, what a spirit of deep unrest!
What a seething and simmering in his breast!
As if the heaving of his great heart
Would burst his belt of oak apart!
Let me unloose this button of wood,
And quiet a little his turbulent mood.

Sets it running.

See! how its currents gleam and shine,
As if they had caught the purple hues
Of autumn sunsets on the Rhine,
Descending and mingling with the dews;
Or as if the grapes were stained with the blood
Of the innocent boy, who, some years back,
Was taken and crucified by the Jews,
In that ancient town of Bacharach;
Perdition upon those infidel Jews,
In that ancient town of Bacharach!
The beautiful town, that gives us wine
With the fragrant odor of Muscadine! *
I should deem it wrong to let this pass
Without first touching my lips to the glass,
For here in the midst of the current I stand,
Like the stone Pfalz in the midst of the river,

They were the first and greatest horticulturists of Europe, and on this account the parent house was spared from confiscation by the French government in 1880.

140. *Boy.* In 1286 a boy named Werner was said to have been crucified by Jews in Oberwesel, on the Rhine. His body miraculously ascended the stream to Bacharach, where it was buried, and a church named St. Werner's was built in 1293, in commemoration of the canonized victim. As similar stories are told of other localities, as Gloucester and Lincoln in England, they were probably invented to palliate the universal persecution of the Jews previous to the fifteenth century.

150. *Pfalz.* A small hexagonal castle on a rock in the Rhine, opposite Caub, below Bacharach, built by Louis the Bavarian about the beginning of the thirteenth century, as a toll-house for exacting tribute from passing ves-

* *Vide* page 195.

Taking toll upon either hand,
And much more grateful to the giver.

He drinks.

Here, now, is a very inferior kind,
Such as in any town you may find,
Such as one might imagine would suit
The rascal who drank wine out of a boot.
And, after all, it was not a crime,
For he won thereby Dorf Hüffelsheim.
A jolly old toper! who at a pull
Could drink a postilion's jack-boot full,
And ask with a laugh, when that was done,
If the fellow had left the other one!
This wine is as good as we can afford
To the friars, who sit at the lower board,
And cannot distinguish bad from good,
And are far better off than if they could,
Being rather the rude disciples of beer
Than of anything more refined and dear!

Fills the other flagon and departs.

sels. Under the castle, which is only accessible by a portcullis several feet above the rock, are dungeons in which state-prisoners were confined.

158. *Hüffelsheim.* The hero of this legend was Boos von Waldeck, who won the village of Hüffelsheim, as described, from the Counts of the Rhine, the ruins of whose castle, Rheingrafenstein, may still be seen on the Nahe, above Kreuznach, not far from Bingen. The story has been versified by Gustav Pfarrius, *Der Trunk aus dem Stiefel.* (*v.* Echtemayer's *Auswahl Deutscher Gedichte*, 108; also, *The Rhine, from its Source to the Sea*, 210.)

164. *Friars.* Abbot William of Hirschau was the first in Germany to join to his congregation neophytes without any clerical character, called lay brothers, to whom were assigned functions connected with secular life and the mechanical arts; they were the tailors, shoemakers, and carpenters of the abbeys, but wore the monastic dress. Others were employed in building, clearing forests, and tending the sick in the monastic infirmaries, and wore their secular dress.

THE SCRIPTORIUM.*

FRIAR PACIFICUS *transcribing and illuminating.*

FRIAR PACIFICUS. It is growing dark! Yet one line more,
And then my work for to-day is o'er.
I come again to the name of the Lord!
Ere I that awful name record,
That is spoken so lightly among men,
Let me pause awhile, and wash my pen;
Pure from blemish and blot must it be
When it writes that word of mystery

Thus have I labored on and on,
Nearly through the Gospel of John.
Can it be that from the lips
Of this same gentle Evangelist,
That Christ himself perhaps has kissed,
Came the dread Apocalypse!
It has a very awful look,
As it stands there at the end of the book,
Like the sun in an eclipse.

* The Scriptorium was a large room in monasteries, particularly those of the Benedictine order, devoted to the transcription and illumination of manuscript books. Small rooms or cells were also occupied for this purpose by monks who were considered to deserve the privilege. In France, 40,000 copyists were at work in the monasteries during the twelfth century. (*v.* Maitland's *Dark Ages*, 404.)

174. *Pen.* Transcription was performed with a reed shaped into a pen. Quill pens were in use before the seventh century, when they are first mentioned, by St. Isidore of Seville, and even metal pens were not unknown to the Romans.

176. *Mystery.* The Hebrews, either by a false interpretation of texts, as *Exodus* x. 7, and *Levit.* xxiv. 16, or following some ancient superstition, regarded the name of Jehovah as too sacred to be uttered. They therefore substituted for it in reading the sacred text the word *Adonai*, Lord.

Ah me! when I think of that vision divine,
Think of writing it, line by line,
I stand in awe of the terrible curse,
Like the trump of doom, in the closing verse!
God forgive me! if ever I
Take aught from the book of that Prophecy,
Lest my part too should be taken away
From the Book of Life on the Judgment Day.

This is well written, though I say it!
I should not be afraid to display it,
In open day, on the selfsame shelf
With the writings of Saint Thecla herself,
Or of Theodosius, who of old
Wrote the Gospels in letters of gold!
That goodly folio standing yonder,
Without a single blot or blunder,
Would not bear away the palm from mine,
If we should compare them line for line.

There, now, is an initial letter!
Saint Ulric himself never made a better!
Finished down to the leaf and the snail,

197. *St. Thecla.* The first female martyr of the Greek Church, persecuted for her devotion to St. Paul. Her history is told in the apocryphal gospel of *St. Paul and Thecla.*

198. *Theodosius.* Theodosius II., emperor of the East (A. D. 401–450), was called the *Calligrapher*, from his taste for illumination, and the third of that name, here referred to, reigned one year, 717, and retired to a monastery at Ephesus, where he spent the rest of his life writing the Gospels in golden letters and ornamenting them with paintings.

205. *St. Ulric.* A Bavarian of high rank, who became a monk of Cluny in France; celebrated for his gift of instruction and consolation, and was constantly employed in founding monasteries; a friend of Abbot William of Hirschau, whom he visited, and for whom he wrote two books on the discipline of Cluny, which was a reform of the Benedictine rule; died 1093.

Down to the eyes on the peacock's tail!
And now, as I turn the volume over,
And see what lies between cover and cover,
What treasures of art these pages hold,
All ablaze with crimson and gold,
God forgive me! I seem to feel
A certain satisfaction steal
Into my heart, and into my brain,
As if my talent had not lain
Wrapped in a napkin, and all in vain.
Yes, I might almost say to the Lord,
Here is a copy of thy Word,
Written out with much toil and pain;
Take it, O Lord, and let it be
As something I have done for thee! *

He looks from the window.

How sweet the air is! How fair the scene!
I wish I had as lovely a green
To paint my landscapes and my leaves!
How the swallows twitter under the eaves!

* Such sentences were often written at the close of their work by monkish copyists, with others "expressing joy, humility, remorse; entreating the reader's prayers and pardon for the writer's sins; and sometimes pronouncing a malediction on any one who should steal the book." (Author's note.)

225. *Swallows.* "Sometimes the copyist's work," says Cutts, in *Scenes and Characters of the Middle Ages*, "was carried on in the cloister, which, being glazed, would be a very comfortable place in summer, with its coolness and quiet, and the peep through its windows on the green court and the fountain in the centre, and the gray walls of the monastic buildings beyond." Copying was often a penitential exercise however, as the monks worked in silence and without a fire, even amid intense cold. (*v.* Maitland's *Dark Ages*, 404.) The art of illumination, or of painting on manuscript, is of Egyptian origin, and was known to the Greeks and Romans, the rescripts of the Roman emperors being traced in gold and silver letters on sheets of purple color. When the embellishments of illuminated capital letters, designs, and arabesques, led to the introduction of painting upon manuscripts, two artists were generally employed on the same work, the scribe and the painter. After the establishment of the Christian religion the art of illumination was used exclusively for the

There, now, there is one in her nest;
I can just catch a glimpse of her head and breast,
And will sketch her thus, in her quiet nook,
For the margin of my Gospel book.

He makes a sketch.

I can see no more. Through the valley yonder
A shower is passing; I hear the thunder
Mutter its curses in the air,
The Devil's own and only prayer!
The dusty road is brown with rain,
And, speeding on with might and main,
Hitherward rides a gallant train.
They do not parley, they cannot wait,
But hurry in at the convent gate.
What a fair lady! and beside her
What a handsome, graceful, noble rider!
Now she gives him her hand to alight;
They will beg a shelter for the night.
I will go down to the corridor,
And try to see that face once more;
It will do for the face of some beautiful Saint,
Or for one of the Maries I shall paint.

Goes out.

Scriptures, the writings of the Fathers, and liturgical works, and was introduced to Western monasteries by the anchorites of the East. Italian painters, like Cimabue, Giotto, and Fra Angelico, were distinguished illuminators, and the perfection of the art was contemporary with that of painting in general. For fac-similes of illuminated manuscripts, *v.* Lacroix, *Le Moyen Âge*, ii.

THE CLOISTERS.*

The ABBOT ERNESTUS *pacing to and fro.*†

ABBOT. Slowly, slowly up the wall
Steals the sunshine, steals the shade;
Evening damps begin to fall,
Evening shadows are displayed.
Round me, o'er me, everywhere,
All the sky is grand with clouds,
And athwart the evening air
Wheel the swallows home in crowds.
Shafts of sunshine from the west
Paint the dusky windows red;
Darker shadows, deeper rest,
Underneath and overhead.
Darker, darker, and more wan,
In my breast the shadows fall;
Upward steals the life of man,
As the sunshine from the wall.
From the wall into the sky,

* The cloister court was a quadrangular space of greensward, around which were arranged the monastic buildings, the church, the chapter-house, the refectory, and the dormitory. It generally had a covered walk around its four sides, with an open arcade on the side facing the court. The blank wall opposite was sometimes painted with Scriptural or historical scenes. This walk was not merely a promenade for the monks; it was the place in which the convent assembled regularly every day, at certain hours, for study and meditation.

† The abbot did not live in common with his monks; he had a separate establishment within the monastic precincts, sometimes over the entrance gate. His duty was set to the monks an example of observance of the rule and to punish breaches of it; to attend the services in the church when not prevented by other duties; to preach on holy days to the people: and to act as confessor to the monks, with the care of the property and estates of the abbey. His ordinary habit was the same as that of his monks. In processions he held his crosier, and wore, if he were a mitred abbot, his mitre. The abbots of the greater houses were powerful noblemen, and in England were members of the House of Lords until the abolition of monasteries by Henry VIII.

From the roof along the spire;
Ah, the souls of those that die
Are but sunbeams lifted higher.

Enter PRINCE HENRY.

PRINCE HENRY. Christ is arisen!

ABBOT. Amen! he is arisen!
His peace be with you!

PRINCE HENRY. Here it reigns forever!
The peace of God, that passeth understanding,
Reigns in these cloisters and these corridors.
Are you Ernestus, Abbot of the convent?

ABBOT. I am.

PRINCE HENRY. And I Prince Henry of Hoheneck,
Who crave your hospitality to-night.

ABBOT. You are thrice welcome to our humble walls.
You do us honor; and we shall requite it,
I fear, but poorly, entertaining you
With Paschal eggs, and our poor convent wine,
The remnants of our Easter holidays.

267. *Arisen.* The Easter salutation is used during the Octave of Easter, sometimes called Easter-tide. Secular and sacred labor occupy seven days, on the eighth the Lord arose; hence the octave, or period of eight days, was applied to the solemnities of religious festivals.

276. *Hospitality.* The usual regulation in convents was that the abbot should entertain the guests of gentle degree, while the convent received all others who might apply. The abbot's house was erected wherever was most convenient in the abbey enclosure. That at Fountains, in England, had a hall 170 feet long by 70 feet wide, and one abbot is known to have given a feast to three or four thousand people at once.

280. *Paschal eggs.* The Jews used eggs in the Passover, and the Persians in keeping the solar festival in March made presents of colored eggs. From a Christian point of view eggs are emblematic of the resurrection and the future life. They were painted red or yellow in derivation from the pagan fires, which were lighted in honor of the sun, and kept burning all night on the great festivals in the spring, midsummer, and at Yule-tide.

PRINCE HENRY. How fares it with the holy monks
of Hirschau?
Are all things well with them?
ABBOT. All things are well.
PRINCE HENRY. A noble convent! I have known
it long
By the report of travellers. I now see
Their commendations lag behind the truth.
You lie here in the valley of the Nagold
As in a nest: and the still river, gliding
Along its bed, is like an admonition
How all things pass. Your lands are rich and ample,
And your revenues large. God's benediction
Rests on your convent.
ABBOT. By our charities
We strive to merit it. Our Lord and Master,
When he departed, left us in his will,
As our best legacy on earth, the poor!
These we have always with us; had we not,
Our hearts would grow as hard as are these stones.
PRINCE HENRY. If I remember right, the Counts
of Calva
Founded your convent.

289. *Nest.* The orders of the Benedictine family preferred sites as secluded and remote from towns as possible, and it was the general custom in the Middle Ages to choose low and sheltered spots for habitations that were not intended for strongholds. To the monks the neighborhood of a stream, as here, was of special importance, supplying fish for the table and water-power for their mill. The valley, also, supported their flocks and cattle.

292. *Revenues.* From the eighth to the thirteenth century almost all the monasteries of Europe were founded by nobles, who endowed them with large grants of land, often as acts of penitence; so that in the eleventh century one half of the lands and wealth of Germany was in the hands of churchmen. (Bryce's *Holy Roman Empire*, 128.)

297. *The poor.* At Hirschau 200 persons were daily fed at the doors; on certain festivals 900 received assistance. At Cluny 17,000 poor were annually fed.

ABBOT. Even as you say.
PRINCE HENRY. And, if I err not, it is very old.*
ABBOT. Within these cloisters lie already buried
Twelve holy Abbots. Underneath the flags
On which we stand, the Abbot William lies,
Of blessed memory.
PRINCE HENRY. And whose tomb is that,
Which bears the brass escutcheon?
ABBOT. A benefactor's.
Conrad, a Count of Calva, he who stood
Godfather to our bells.
PRINCE HENRY. Your monks are learned
And holy men, I trust.
ABBOT. There are among them
Learned and holy men. Yet in this age
We need another Hildebrand, to shake
And purify us like a mighty wind.

* The abbey was then about 400 years old. After falling into decay it was restored in the eleventh century at the command of a German pope, Leo IX., by his nephew, Adelbert, Count of Calva, who ended his life there as a monk. In the thirteenth century a decline began, from which it did not recover.

304. *Buried.* The monks were sometimes buried in the cloister, either under the turf in the open square, or beneath the pavement of the walk.

306. *Abbot William.* During the twenty-two years of his rule, from 1069 to 1091, he revived the order of St. Benedict, then almost fallen into ruin in Germany, founded twenty-three monasteries, and restored more than seventy others, to which he sent many of the volumes copied at Hirschau. He supported Gregory VII. in his struggle with the German emperor, and took an active part in the ecclesiastical controversies of the day. He was also a voluminous writer on music, philosophy, and science.

312. *Godfather.* The godfather, or sponsor, was often the donor, as probably in this case. So great was their regard for bells that, besides their other occupations, monks often cast those that were to be hung in the towers of their abbeys.

317. *Hildebrand.* Gregory VII., pope from 1073 to 1085. He reformed many of the abuses of the Church, enforced the celibacy of the clergy, humbled the German emperor, Henry IV., but was finally obliged to leave Rome and died at Salerno. (*v.* Sir James Stephen's *Essays in Ecclesiastical Biography*, — Hildebrand; and Milman's *Lat. Christ.* iii. Bk. 7.)

The world is wicked, and sometimes I wonder
God does not lose his patience with it wholly,
And shatter it like glass! Even here, at times,
Within these walls, where all should be at peace,
I have my trials, Time has laid his hand
Upon my heart, gently, not smiting it,
But as a harper lays his open palm
Upon his harp, to deaden its vibrations.
Ashes are on my head, and on my lips
Sackcloth, and in my breast a heaviness
And weariness of life, that makes me ready
To say to the dead Abbots under us,
"Make room for me!" Only I see the dusk
Of evening twilight coming, and have not
Completed half my task; and so at times
The thought of my short-comings in this life
Falls like a shadow on the life to come.

PRINCE HENRY. We must all die, and not the old alone;
The young have no exemption from that doom.

ABBOT. Ah, yes! the young may die, but the old must!
That is the difference.

PRINCE HENRY. I have heard much laud
Of your transcribers. Your Scriptorium

328. *Sackcloth.* From the earliest times sackcloth and ashes have been marks of mourning and penitence, as in the case of Job (xvi. 15), and the King of Nineveh (*Jonah* iii. 6), who covered himself with sackcloth and sat in ashes. Ash Wednesday is so called because in the early Church on that day ashes were thrown upon the penitents clothed in sackcloth, whose sins had debarred them from a participation in her services. The ashes were obtained from burning the palms consecrated the previous year on Palm Sunday.

341. *Scriptorium.* There were one hundred and fifty monks at Hirschau, of whom twelve were expert copyists, the abbot himself sometimes taking his place in the Scriptorium, where the text was read aloud. Not only sacred books but the classic authors were copied in the Scriptoria, and thus preserved.

Is famous among all; your manuscripts
Praised for their beauty and their excellence.

ABBOT. That is indeed our boast. If you desire it,
You shall behold these treasures. And meanwhile
Shall the Refectorarius bestow
Your horses and attendants for the night.

They go in. The Vesper-bell rings.

THE CHAPEL.

*Vespers; * after which the monks retire, a chorister leading an old monk who is blind.*

PRINCE HENRY. They are all gone, save one who lingers,
Absorbed in deep and silent prayer.
As if his heart could find no rest,
At times he beats his heaving breast
With clenched and convulsive fingers,
Then lifts them trembling in the air.
A chorister, with golden hair,
Guides hitherward his heavy pace.
Can it be so? Or does my sight
Deceive me in the uncertain light?
Ah no! I recognize that face,
Though Time has touched it in his flight,
And changed the auburn hair to white.
It is Count Hugo of the Rhine,

346. *Refectorarius.* The official here mentioned was called in English the Hospitaller, who performed the duties of hospitality on behalf of the establishment, saw to the accommodation of the guests who belonged to the convent, introduced into the refectory strange priests or others who had leave to dine there, and ushered guests of high degree to the abbot.

* The seventh canonical hour of the monastic day, about six o'clock in the evening.

361. *Count of the Rhine* (*Rheingraf*), one of the family occupying the

The deadliest foe of all our race,
And hateful unto me and mine!

THE BLIND MONK. Who is it that doth stand so near
His whispered words I almost hear?

PRINCE HENRY. I am Prince Henry of Hoheneck,
And you, Count Hugo of the Rhine!
I know you, and I see the scar,
The brand upon your forehead, shine
And redden like a baleful star!

THE BLIND MONK. Count Hugo once, but now the wreck
Of what I was. O Hoheneck!
The passionate will, the pride, the wrath
That bore me headlong on my path,
Stumbled and staggered into fear,
And failed me in my mad career,
As a tired steed some evil-doer,
Alone upon a desolate moor,
Bewildered, lost, deserted, blind,
And hearing loud and close behind
The o'ertaking steps of his pursuer.
Then suddenly from the dark there came
A voice that called me by my name,
And said to me, "Kneel down and pray!"
And so my terror passed away,

castle of Rheingrafenstein, not far from Vautsberg. (*v.* p. 112, n.) The historian of Hirschau speaks of the nobles and peasants who were to be found there, as in other religious houses, without distinction; the former often to atone for the faults of youth or the barbarous abuse of power. It became necessary to enlarge the monastic buildings in order to lodge them. The more illustrious their birth, the lowlier were the services they wished to render to the community, "so that in the monasteries," says a chronicler, "one saw counts cooking in the kitchen, and margraves taking the pigs out to feed."

Passed utterly away forever.
Contrition, penitence, remorse,
Came on me, with o'erwhelming force;
A hope, a longing, an endeavor,
By days of penance and nights of prayer,
To frustrate and defeat despair!
Calm, deep, and still is now my heart,
With tranquil waters overflowed;
A lake whose unseen fountains start,
Where once the hot volcano glowed.
And you, O Prince of Hoheneck!
Have known me in that earlier time,
A man of violence and crime,
Whose passions brooked no curb nor check.
Behold me now, in gentler mood,
One of this holy brotherhood.
Give me your hand; here let me kneel;
Make your reproaches sharp as steel;
Spurn me, and smite me on each cheek;
No violence can harm the meek,
There is no wound Christ cannot heal!
Yes; lift your princely hand, and take
Revenge, if 't is revenge you seek;
Then pardon me, for Jesus' sake!

PRINCE HENRY. Arise, Count Hugo! let there be
No farther strife nor enmity
Between us twain; we both have erred!
Too rash in act, too wroth in word.
From the beginning have we stood
In fierce, defiant attitude,
Each thoughtless of the other's right,
And each reliant on his might.
But now our souls are more subdued;

The hand of God, and not in vain,
Has touched us with the fire of pain.
Let us kneel down, and side by side
Pray, till our souls are purified,
And pardon will not be denied!

They kneel.

THE REFECTORY.

*Gaudiolum of Monks at midnight.** LUCIFER *disguised as a Friar.*

FRIAR PAUL *sings.* †

Ave! color vini clari,
Dulcis potus, non amari,
Tua nos inebriari
Digneris potentia!

FRIAR CUTHBERT. Not so much noise, my worthy freres,
You 'll disturb the Abbot at his prayers.

FRIAR PAUL *sings.*

O! quam placens in colore!
O! quam fragrans in odore!
O! quam sapidum in ore!
Dulce linguæ vinculum!

FRIAR CUTHBERT. I should think your tongue had broken its chain!

* "I have endeavored to show in it" (the *Golden Legend*), says Longfellow in a letter, 1852, "that through the darkness and corruption of the Middle Ages ran a bright, deep stream of Faith, strong enough for all the exigencies of life and death. In order to do this, I had to introduce some portion of this darkness and corruption as a background." (Samuel Longfellow's *Life of Longfellow*, ii. 214.)

† In imitation of mediæval Latin poetry "It is worthy of observation how, during the Middle Ages, rhyme sought to penetrate and make a place for itself everywhere." (Introduction to Trench's *Sacred Latin Poetry*, where the development of mediæval Latin poetry is fully treated.) Its chief characteristic was the substitution of accent for quantity, with the addition of rhyme. For translation of the Latin verses, *vide* p. 195.

FRIAR PAUL *sings.*

Felix venter quem intrabis!
Felix guttur quod rigabis!
Felix os quod tu lavabis!
Et beata labia!

FRIAR CUTHBERT. Peace! I say, peace!
Will you never cease!
You will rouse up the Abbot, I tell you again!

FRIAR JOHN. No danger! to-night he will let us alone,
As I happen to know he has guests of his own.

FRIAR CUTHBERT. Who are they?

FRIAR JOHN. A German Prince and his train,
Who arrived here just before the rain.
There is with him a damsel fair to see,
As slender and graceful as a reed!
When she alighted from her steed,
It seemed like a blossom blown from a tree.

FRIAR CUTHBERT. None of your pale-faced girls for me!
None of your damsels of high degree!

FRIAR JOHN. Come, old fellow, drink down to your peg!
But do not drink any farther, I beg! *

FRIAR PAUL *sings.*

In the days of gold,
The days of old,
Crosier of wood
And bishop of gold!

FRIAR CUTHBERT. What an infernal racket and riot!

* Because according to the rule he would then be obliged to drink again, which Friar John thinks unnecessary.

Can you not drink your wine in quiet?
Why fill the convent with such scandals,
As if we were so many drunken Vandals?

FRIAR PAUL *continues.*

Now we have changed
That law so good,
To crosier of gold
And bishop of wood!

FRIAR CUTHBERT. Well, then, since you are in the mood
To give your noisy humors vent,
Sing and howl to your heart's content!

CHORUS OF MONKS.

Funde vinum, funde!
Tanquam sint fluminis undæ,
Nec quæras unde,
Sed fundas semper abunde!

FRIAR JOHN. What is the name of yonder friar,
With an eye that glows like a coal of fire,
And such a black mass of tangled hair?

462. *Vandals.* Of all the hordes that laid waste the Roman Empire, the Vandals alone made their very name a synonym of wanton devastation. Freytag, however (*Bilder aus der deutschen Vergangenheit*, i. ch. 2), thinks that their bad reputation is probably undeserved, and due, not more to the rapacity of their leaders and their failure to permanently establish themselves, than to their stout adhesion to the Arian heresy, the hatred of the orthodox Christians towards the Arians being greater than that of the same Christians towards the heathen. All the great Germanic races which derived their Christianity from the Eastern Empire, the Goths, Vandals, Heruli, Lombards, were converted by Arian missionaries; the Franks, from their connection with the Roman pontiff, were baptized into the orthodox faith. Most of the former races wavered between Arianism and orthodoxy; the Vandals and Ostrogoths, on the other hand, remained steadfast and did not survive the suppression of their faith. Our idea of them, as of the Carthaginians, has been derived from their enemies. For a definition of Arianism, *v.* Schaff's *History of the Christian Church*, iii. sect. 119.

466. *Bishop of wood.* As the abbey became richer the authority of the abbot was relaxed, and a decline of discipline ensued.

FRIAR PAUL. He who is sitting there,
With a rollicking,
Devil may care,
Free and easy look and air,
As if he were used to such feasting and frolicking?
FRIAR JOHN. The same.
FRIAR PAUL. He's a stranger. You had better ask his name,
And where he is going, and whence he came.
FRIAR JOHN. Hallo! Sir Friar!
FRIAR PAUL. You must raise your voice a little higher,
He does not seem to hear what you say.
Now, try again! He is looking this way.
FRIAR JOHN. Hallo! Sir Friar,
We wish to inquire
Whence you came, and where you are going,
And anything else that is worth the knowing.
So be so good as to open your head.
LUCIFER. I am a Frenchman born and bred,
Going on a pilgrimage to Rome.
My home
Is the convent of St. Gildas de Rhuys,
Of which, very like, you never have heard.
MONKS. Never a word!
LUCIFER. You must know, then, it is in the diocese
Called the Diocese of Vannes,
In the province of Brittany.

497. *St. Gildas de Rhuys.* A Benedictine abbey, founded in the sixth century on the peninsula of Rhuys, in lower Brittany, by a Welsh monk, the Abbot Gildas, called "the Wise," who, after studying in Paris, and laboring in Britain and Ireland, led to Brittany a colony of monks to convert the Celtic tribes driven from Britain by the Saxon invasion.

502. *Brittany;* Lesser Britain, the ancient Armorica, where the ante-Roman population still kept its Celtic language. The rule of the Franks, and

From the gray rocks of Morbihan
It overlooks the angry sea;
The very sea-shore where,
In his great despair,
Abbot Abelard walked to and fro,
Filling the night with woe,
And wailing aloud to the merciless seas
The same of his sweet Héloïse!
Whilst overhead
The convent windows gleamed as red
As the fiery eyes of the monks within,
Who with jovial din

afterward of the English, was always precarious there, and it was only formally united to France by the marriage of its duchess to two successive French kings in the sixteenth century, but not until the seventeenth century was paganism finally abolished. Old pagan customs still survive there, and fountains, large trees, and the mistletoe are venerated; young people still dance around the dolmens, or cromlechs, the remains of Druidical places of worship. Geologically, Brittany consists of two bands of granite approaching each other in the west. The impression of its coast scenery bounded by perpendicular walls is one of monotonous and sombre grandeur.

503. *Morbihan*, "The little sea," an inland bay, of comparatively recent creation, with many small islands scatttered over it, gives its name to the Southern Department of Brittany, of which Vannes is the capital. The southern shore of the bay is the peninsula of Rhuys.

504. *Sea.* Off the western promontories of Brittany the Gulf Stream encounters the secondary ocean current; the tides are violent and irregular, rising on the north coast to the height of forty or fifty feet; the sea is perpetually in motion, a powerful undercurrent sweeping the granitic sea-bottom. Since the fifth century hundreds of square miles of land have been eaten away by the ocean, so that tales of buried cities haunt the popular imagination.

507. *Abelard*, a celebrated logician and theologian, born of a noble Breton family near Nantes in 1079; refuted both the Nominalists and Realists of the day, adopting a middle course in the schools which he established; appointed canon of Notre Dame, he won the affections of Héloïse, niece of Canon Fulbert, and was compelled to leave Paris, becoming finally Abbot of St. Gildas in Brittany; charged with heresy by St. Bernard, he appealed to Rome, but died on the journey, at Cluny, in 1142. (*v.* Milman's *Lat. Christ.* Bk. viii. ch. 5.) Mention of him here as a contemporary personage is one of the anachronisms of this poem, which aims to present pictures of mediæval life without regard to chronological exactness.

Gave themselves up to all kinds of sin!
Ha! that is a convent! that is an abbey!
Over the doors,
None of your death-heads carved in wood,
None of your Saints looking pious and good,
None of your Patriarchs old and shabby!
But the heads and tusks of boars,
And the cells
Hung all round with the fells
Of the fallow-deer.
And then what cheer!
What jolly, fat friars,
Sitting round the great, roaring fires,
Roaring louder than they,
With their strong wines,
And their concubines,

516. *Abbey.* Abelard described the abbey in a letter to his friend Philintus as follows: "I live in a barbarous country, the language of which I do not understand; I have no conversation but with the rudest people. my walks are on the inaccessible shore of a sea, which is perpetually stormy. my monks are only known by their dissoluteness, and living without any rule or order. could you see the abby, Philintus, you would not call it one. the doors and walls are without any ornament, except the heads of wild boars and hinds feet, which are nailed up against them, and the hides of frightful animals. the cells are hung with the skins of deer. the monks have not so much as a bell to wake them, the cocks and dogs supply that defect. in short, they pass their whole days in hunting; would to heaven that were their greatest fault! or that their pleasures terminated there! I endeavor in vain to recall them to their duty; they all combine against me, and I only expose myself to continual vexations and dangers. I imagine I see every moment a naked sword hang over my head. sometimes they surround me, and load me with infinite abuses; sometimes they abandon me, and I am left alone to my own tormenting thoughts. . . . ah Philintus, does not the love of Héloïse still burn in my heart? I have not yet triumphed over that unhappy passion. in the midst of my retirement I sigh, I weep, I pine, I speak the dear name Héloïse, and am pleased to hear the sound."

530. *Concubines.* This epithet was applied to the wives of the clergy by those who supported the decrees of Hildebrand enjoining clerical celibacy. (*v.* Lea's *Sacerdotal Celibacy*, 196, note.) The monks of St. Gildas were as

And never a bell,
With its swagger and swell,
Calling you up with a start of affright
In the dead of night,
To send you grumbling down dark stairs,
To mumble your prayers.
But the cheery crow
Of cocks in the yard below,
After daybreak, an hour or so,
And the barking of deep-mouthed hounds,
These are the sounds
That, instead of bells, salute the ear.
And then all day
Up and away
Through the forest, hunting the deer!
Ah, my friends! I 'm afraid that here
You are a little too pious, a little too tame,
And the more is the shame.
'T is the greatest folly
Not to be jolly;
That 's what I think!
Come, drink, drink,
Drink, and die game!

MONKS. And your Abbot What's-his-name?

LUCIFER. Abelard!

MONKS. Did he drink hard?

LUCIFER. O, no! Not he!
He was a dry old fellow,
Without juice enough to get thoroughly mellow.
There he stood,

lawless in life as in manners; there was no common fund, yet Abelard was expected to maintain the buildings and religious services of the community. Each monk spent what he could lay his hands upon, to support himself, his wife, and children, Hildebrand's decrees not having reached Brittany.

Lowering at us in sullen mood,
As if he had come into Brittany
Just to reform our brotherhood!

A roar of laughter.

But you see
It never would do!
For some us knew a thing or two,
In the Abbey of St. Gildas de Rhuys!
For instance, the great ado
With old Fulbert's niece,
The young and lovely Héloïse.

FRIAR JOHN. Stop there, if you please,
Till we drink to the fair Héloïse.

ALI., *drinking and shouting.* Héloïse! Héloïse!

The Chapel-bell tolls.

LUCIFER, *starting.* What is that bell for? Are you such asses
As to keep up the fashion of midnight masses?

FRIAR CUTHBERT. It is only a poor, unfortunate brother,
Who is gifted with most miraculous powers
Of getting up at all sorts of hours,
And, by way of penance and Christian meekness,

563. *Reform.* This was Abelard's intention. His banishment to St. Gildas was a punishment, but he endeavored to subject the brotherhood to the severe rule of St. Benedict. The monks hated his strictness and even his piety.

570. *Héloïse.* He had in the mean time established Héloïse in the oratory of the Paraclete, with the nuns who had followed her from St. Denis. Hither his remains were brought from Cluny, and twenty years afterward she was laid by his side. The Gothic monument under which their bodies were finally placed in the cemetery of Père la Chaise in Paris, in 1817, was said to have been constructed of fragments of the Paraclete, but has been pronounced by the eminent architect Viollet-le-Duc to be a poor work of the sixteenth century; while the letters of Héloïse to Abelard, over which the world has wept, are called by critics "a most audacious literary fabrication." (*v.* Barthélemy's *Erreurs et Mensonges Historiques*, ii.)

Of creeping silently out of his cell
To take a pull at that hideous bell;
So that all the monks who are lying awake
May murmur some kind of prayer for his sake,
And adapted to his peculiar weakness!

FRIAR JOHN. From frailty and fall —

ALL. Good Lord, deliver us all!

FRIAR CUTHBERT. And before the bell for matins sounds,
He takes his lantern, and goes the rounds,
Flashing it into our sleepy eyes,
Merely to say it is time to arise.
But enough of that. Go on, if you please,
With your story about St. Gildas de Rhuys.

LUCIFER. Well, it finally came to pass
That, half in fun and half in malice,
One Sunday at Mass
We put some poison into the chalice.
But, either by accident or design,
Peter Abelard kept away
From the chapel that day,
And a poor, young friar, who in his stead
Drank the sacramental wine,
Fell on the steps of the altar, dead
But look! do you see at the window there
That face, with a look of grief and despair,
That ghastly face, as of one in pain?

587. *Matins.* Midnight; the first canonical hour of the Breviary, or abridgment of the Roman Catholic service

602. *Dead.* This account of the savage character of the monks of St. Gildas is not exaggerated. Besides the attempt to poison the chalice it is told that a monk who had tasted food intended for Abelard died in agony. Finally, when even excommunication had failed, the abbot took refuge in a cell remote from the monastery with a few of the better monks, but even there he was watched by robbers hired to murder him.

MONKS. Who? where?

LUCIFER. As I spoke, it vanished away again.

FRIAR CUTHBERT. It is that nefarious
Siebald the Refectorarius.
That fellow is always playing the scout,
Creeping and peeping and prowling about;
And then he regales
The Abbot with scandalous tales.

LUCIFER. A spy in the convent? One of the brothers
Telling scandalous tales of the others?
Out upon him, the lazy loon!
I would put a stop to that pretty soon,
In a way he should rue it.

MONKS. How shall we do it?

LUCIFER. Do you, Brother Paul,
Creep under the window, close to the wall,
And open it suddenly when I call.
Then seize the villain by the hair,
And hold him there,
And punish him soundly, once for all.

FRIAR CUTHBERT. As St. Dunstan of old,
We are told,
Once caught the Devil by the nose!

LUCIFER. Ha! ha! that story is very clever,
But has no foundation whatsoever.
Quick! for I see his face again

626. *St. Dunstan.* An English monk, born 925, became archbishop of Canterbury; a statesman and scholar, he was also a remarkable musician, painter, and worker in metals. Legend says that one night as he labored at the forge the Devil came to tempt him in the form of a beautiful woman, whom Dunstan seized by the nose with his red-hot tongs. The identical pair of tongs was shown at Mayfield, England, as late as 1749.

Glaring in at the window-pane;
Now! now! and do not spare your blows.

FRIAR PAUL *opens the window suddenly, and seizes* SIEBALD. *They beat him.*

FRIAR SIEBALD. Help! help! are you going to slay me?

FRIAR PAUL. That will teach you again to betray me!

FRIAR SIEBALD. Mercy! mercy!

FRIAR PAUL, *shouting and beating.*

Rumpas bellorum lorum,
Vim confer amorum
Morum verorum rorum
Tu plena polorum!

LUCIFER. Who stands in the doorway yonder,
Stretching out his trembling hand,
Just as Abelard used to stand,
The flash of his keen, black eyes
Forerunning the thunder?

THE MONKS, *in confusion.* The Abbot! the Abbot!

FRIAR CUTHBERT. And what is the wonder!
He seems to have taken you by surprise.

FRIAR FRANCIS. Hide the great flagon
From the eyes of the dragon!

FRIAR CUTHBERT. Pull the brown hood over your face!
This will bring us into disgrace!

ABBOT. What means this revel and carouse?
Is this a tavern and drinking-house?
Are you Christian monks, or heathen devils,
To pollute this convent with your revels?
Were Peter Damian still upon earth,

657. *Damian.* An Italian monk and prelate, born at Ravenna about 988

To be shocked by such ungodly mirth,
He would write your names, with pen of gall,
In his Book of Gomorrah, one and all!
Away, you drunkards! to your cells,
And pray till you hear the matin-bells;
You, Brother Francis, and you, Brother Paul!
And as a penance mark each prayer
With the scourge upon your shoulders bare;
Nothing atones for such a sin
But the blood that follows the discipline.
And you, Brother Cuthbert, come with me
Alone into the sacristy;
You, who should be a guide to your brothers,
And are ten times worse than all the others,
For you I 've a draught that has long been brewing,
You shall do a penance worth the doing!
Away to your prayers, then, one and all!
I wonder the very convent wall
Does not crumble and crush you in its fall! *

THE NEIGHBORING NUNNERY.

The ABBESS † IRMINGARD *sitting with* ELSIE *in the moonlight.*

IRMINGARD. The night is silent, the wind is still,
The moon is looking from yonder hill

He made vigorous efforts by preaching and writing to reform the disorders of the clergy; died 1072.

660. *Book of Gomorrah.* An essay on the vices of the time addressed by Damian to Leo IX., an eminent scholar and reformer.

* "Longfellow, in the *Golden Legend*," says Ruskin, "has entered more clearly into the temper of the monk, for good and for evil, than ever yet theological writer or historian, though they may have given their life's labor to the analysis." (*Modern Painters*, Pt. v. ch. 20.)

† The superior of a convent of nuns. She possessed in general the same dignity and authority as an abbot, except that she could not exercise the spiritual functions of the priesthood. She bore the crosier in addition to the

Down upon convent, and grove, and garden;
The clouds have passed away from her face,
Leaving behind them no sorrowful trace,
Only the tender and quiet grace
Of one, whose heart has been healed with pardon!

And such am I. My soul within
Was dark with passion and soiled with sin.
But now its wounds are healed again;
Gone are the anguish, the terror, and pain;
For across that desolate land of woe,
O'er whose burning sands I was forced to go,
A wind from heaven began to blow;
And all my being trembled and shook,
As the leaves of the tree, or the grass of the field,
And I was healed, as the sick are healed,
When fanned by the leaves of the Holy Book!

As thou sittest in the moonlight there,
Its glory flooding thy golden hair,
And the only darkness that which lies
In the haunted chambers of thine eyes,
I feel my soul drawn unto thee,
Strangely, and strongly, and more and more,
As to one I have known and loved before;
For every soul is akin to me
That dwells in the land of mystery!
I am the Lady Irmingard,
Born of a noble race and name!
Many a wandering Suabian bard,

ordinary costume of her order, and her house had the same regulations as that of the monks. The principal occupation of the learned Benedictine nuns was the transcription of books.

706. *Suabian.* Suabia was the centre of literary culture during the protect-

Whose life was dreary, and bleak, and hard,
Has found through me the way to fame.
Brief and bright were those days, and the night
Which followed was full of a lurid light.
Love, that of every woman's heart
Will have the whole, and not a part,
That is to her, in Nature's plan,
More than ambition is to man,
Her light, her life, her very breath,
With no alternative but death,
Found me a maiden soft and young,
Just from the convent's cloistered school,
And seated on my lowly stool,
Attentive while the minstrels sung.

Gallant, graceful, gentle, tall,
Fairest, noblest, best of all,
Was Walter of the Vogelweid;
And, whatsoever may betide,
Still I think of him with pride!
His song was of the summer-time,

ing reign of the Hohenstaufen emperors, 1138–1268, who were originally dukes of Suabia, comprising parts of the present Wurtemberg, Bavaria, and northern Switzerland.

708. *Fame.* By taking as the subject of his song the beauty of the noble lady, Irmingard.

718. *School.* In every monastery were established a library, a Scriptorium, and finally schools, frequented by the children of serfs and nobles alike. Those for girls were conducted by nuns in convents affiliated to the monastic establishments. Longfellow places one near Hirschau, that Elsie may be suitably lodged while Prince Henry is the guest of the abbey.

726. *His song.* Walter von der Vogelweide was singer to Philip of Suabia and Frederick II. "Without ever connecting love and nature in the conventional way," says Scherer, "he repeatedly sung of the various seasons in a manner always fresh and original. He only adorns his poetry with that which nature offers in all times and places: bright blossoms and green branches, things which never grow old." (*Hist. Ger. Lit.* ch. 7.)

The very birds sang in his rhyme;
The sunshine, the delicious air,
The fragrance of the flowers, were there;
And I grew restless as I heard,
Restless and buoyant as a bird,
Down soft, aerial currents sailing,
O'er blossomed orchards, and fields in bloom,
And through the momentary gloom
Of shadows o'er the landscape trailing,
Yielding and borne I knew not where,
But feeling resistance unavailing.

And thus, unnoticed and apart,
And more by accident than choice,
I listened to that single voice
Until the chambers of my heart
Were filled with it by night and day.
One night, — it was a night in May, —
Within the garden, unawares,
Under the blossoms in the gloom,
I heard it utter my own name
With protestations and wild prayers;
And it rang through me, and became
Like the archangel's trump of doom,
Which the soul hears, and must obey;
And mine arose as from a tomb.
My former life now seemed to me
Such as hereafter death may be,
When in the great Eternity
We shall awake and find it day.

It was a dream, and would not stay;
A dream, that in a single night

Faded and vanished out of sight.
My father's anger followed fast
This passion, as a freshening blast
Seeks out and fans the fire, whose rage
It may increase, but not assuage.
And he exclaimed: "No wandering bard
Shall win thy hand, O Irmingard!
For which Prince Henry of Hoheneck
By messenger and letter sues."

Gently, but firmly, I replied:
"Henry of Hoheneck I discard!
Never the hand of Irmingard
Shall lie in his as the hand of a bride!"
This said I, Walter, for thy sake;
This said I, for I could not choose.
After a pause, my father spake
In that cold and deliberate tone
Which turns the hearer into stone,
And seems itself the act to be
That follows with such dread certainty;
"This, or the cloister and the veil!"
No other words than these he said,
But they were like a funeral wail;
My life was ended, my heart was dead.

That night from the castle-gate went down,
With silent, slow, and stealthy pace,
Two shadows, mounted on shadowy steeds,

778. *Cloister.* This word is often used for the entire convent. The white veil was worn during the year of probation, after which the novice, if persisting in her determination to withdraw from the world, assumed the black veil and the irrevocable vows in presence of her family and friends. For an interesting account of this ceremony in Italy, *v. Bentley's Mag.* xx. 509.

Taking the narrow path that leads
Into the forest dense and brown.
In the leafy darkness of the place,
One could not distinguish form nor face,
Only a bulk without a shape,
A darker shadow in the shade;
One scarce could say it moved or stayed.
Thus it was we made our escape!
A foaming brook, with many a bound,
Followed us like a playful hound;
Then leaped before us, and in the hollow
Paused, and waited for us to follow,
And seemed impatient, and afraid
That our tardy flight should be betrayed
By the sound our horses' hoof-beats made.
And when we reached the plain below,
We paused a moment and drew rein
To look back at the castle again;
And we saw the windows all aglow
With lights, that were passing to and fro;
Our hearts with terror ceased to beat;
The brook crept silent to our feet;
We knew what most we feared to know.
Then suddenly horns began to blow;
And we heard a shout, and a heavy tramp,
And our horses snorted in the damp
Night-air of the meadows green and wide,
And in a moment, side by side,
So close, they must have seemed but one,
The shadows across the moonlight run,
And another came, and swept behind,
Like the shadow of clouds before the wind!

How I remember that breathless flight
Across the moors, in the summer night!
How under our feet the long, white road
Backward like a river flowed,
Sweeping with it fences and hedges,
Whilst farther away, and overhead,
Paler than I, with fear and dread,
The moon fled with us, as we fled
Along the forest's jagged edges!

All this I can remember well;
But of what afterwards befell
I nothing further can recall
Than a blind, desperate, headlong fall;
The rest is a blank and darkness all.
When I awoke out of this swoon,
The sun was shining, not the moon,
Making a cross upon the wall
With the bars of my windows narrow and tall;
And I prayed to it, as I had been wont to pray,
From early childhood, day by day,
Each morning, as in bed I lay!
I was lying again in my own room!
And I thanked God, in my fever and pain,
That those shadows on the midnight plain
Were gone, and could not come again!
I struggled no longer with my doom!

This happened many years ago.
I left my father's home to come
Like Catherine to her martyrdom,
For blindly I esteemed it so.
And when I heard the convent door

Behind me close, to ope no more,
I felt it smite me like a blow.
Through all my limbs a shudder ran,
And on my bruised spirit fell
The dampness of my narrow cell
As night-air on a wounded man,
Giving intolerable pain.

But now a better life began.
I felt the agony decrease
By slow degrees, then wholly cease,
Ending in perfect rest and peace!
It was not apathy, nor dulness,
That weighed and pressed upon my brain,
But the same passion I had given
To earth before, now turned to heaven
With all its overflowing fulness.

Alas! the world is full of peril!
The path that runs through the fairest meads,
On the sunniest side of the valley, leads
Into a region bleak and sterile!
Alike in the high-born and the lowly,
The will is feeble, and passion strong.
We cannot sever right from wrong;
Some falsehood mingles with all truth;
Nor is it strange the heart of youth
Should waver and comprehend but slowly
The things that are holy and unholy!
But in this sacred, calm retreat,
We are all well and safely shielded
From winds that blow, and waves that beat,
From the cold, and rain, and blighting heat,

To which the strongest hearts have yielded.
Here we stand as the Virgins Seven,
For our celestial bridegroom yearning;
Our hearts are lamps forever burning,
With a steady and unwavering flame,
Pointing upward, forever the same,
Steadily upward toward the heaven!

The moon is hidden behind a cloud;
A sudden darkness fills the room,
And thy deep eyes, amid the gloom,
Shine like jewels in a shroud.
On the leaves is a sound of falling rain;
A bird, awakened in its nest,
Gives a faint twitter of unrest,
Then smooths its plumes and sleeps again.
No other sounds than these I hear;
The hour of midnight must be near.
Thou art o'erspent with the day's fatigue
Of riding many a dusty league;
Sink, then, gently to thy slumber;
Me so many cares encumber,
So many ghosts, and forms of fright,
Have started from their graves to-night,
They have driven sleep from mine eyes away:
I will go down to the chapel and pray.

V.

A COVERED BRIDGE AT LUCERNE.*

PRINCE HENRY. God's blessing on the architects
who build
The bridges o'er swift rivers and abysses
Before impassable to human feet,
No less than on the builders of cathedrals,
Whose massive walls are bridges thrown across
The dark and terrible abyss of Death.
Well has the name of Pontifex been given
Unto the Church's head, as the chief builder
And architect of the invisible bridge
That leads from earth to heaven.
ELSIE. How dark it grows!
What are these paintings on the walls around us?

* Three bridges connect the banks of the Reuss as it leaves the lake at Lucerne, on the woodwork of the roofs of two of which pictures were painted. "On one bridge these represent all the important Swiss battles and victories; on the other they are the well-known series of which Longfellow has made so beautiful a use in the *Golden Legend*, the Dance of Death." (Ruskin's *Modern Painters*, Pt. iv. ch. 19.) They were painted, to the number of thirty-six, by Gaspard Meglinger, 1631-37, and while they are said to have been originally well executed, they have since been greatly injured by clumsy retouching. The mottoes under them are in German.

7. *Pontifex.* The head of the Catholic Church assumed the title of the high priest of pagan Rome, *pontifex maximus*, the word *pontifex* being derived, according to Varro, from *pons-facere*, because the priests made and kept in repair the first bridge over the Tiber, *pons sublicius*. Some modern archæologists, who assert that the priests were called *pontifices* before the bridge was built, connect the word *pons* with the Sanscrit word for "path," and call *pontifices* the road-makers of ancient Latium. Preller, however (*Römische Mythologie*, ii. 134), gives conclusive reasons for returning to the derivation of Varro, connecting the name and duties of the priests with the deep religious veneration felt for the Tiber and all other running streams, across which the Romans did not presume to throw a bridge, or, later, to repair it, without sacrificial ceremonies, such as the yearly casting of the Argei, or images of men, into the Tiber, in symbolic reference to the more ancient human sacrifice to the stream-god.

PRINCE HENRY. The Dance Macaber!
ELSIE. What?
PRINCE HENRY. The Dance of Death!
All that go to and fro must look upon it,
Mindful of what they shall be, while beneath,
Among the wooden piles, the turbulent river
Rushes, impetuous as the river of life,
With dimpling eddies, ever green and bright,
Save where the shadow of this bridge falls on it.
ELSIE. O yes! I see it now!
PRINCE HENRY. The grim musician
Leads all men through the mazes of that dance,
To different sounds in different measures moving

13. *Macaber.* The French word *Macabre* is derived, according to Littré following Du Cange, from the Latin *Chorea Machabæorum*, the Dance of the Maccabees, a ceremony, originally French, in which dignitaries of church and state led the dance, dropping out and disappearing one after the other, like the seven brothers, who, with their mother, successively suffered martyrdom (*v. II. Macc.* vii. and Longfellow's *Judas Maccabæus*), to express the fact that death carries away all men. To strengthen the idea Death itself was employed to conduct this fantastic dance.

15. *Dance of Death.* Pictures of the Dance of Death, a favorite subject with painters of the Middle Ages, the most celebrated being Holbein's designs engraved on wood by Lützelberger (*v.* Cundall's *Hans Holbein*, 19), and first printed at Lyons in 1538, commemorated the ravages of the Plague, or Black Death, in the fourteenth century, when persons excited to the verge of madness made a wild procession of the dead and thought themselves to have passed the limits of mortality. When the pestilence had ceased, the procession became an orgy like the excesses of the Flagellants, or self-scourging penitents. "The Dance of Death" was at first a drama, or Morality Play, consisting of a dialogue between Death and those whom he was carrying away. Then the passing drama was made a permanent one by the assistance of the art of painting, and representations of Death and his victims became especially common in the convents of the Dominicans, the great order of preachers, who used the pictures to enforce their sermons. Holbein's sketches of the "Emblems and Images of Mortality" must not be confounded with the Dance of Death painted in the Dominican convent at Basle during the session of the Grand Council in that city from 1431 to 1443, and erroneously attributed to Holbein, who was born nearly a century later. His designs are entirely different from "the dull and often disgusting Macaber Dance of Basle, each picture of which is confined, with little exception, to two figures only." (Douce's *Holbein's Dance of Death*, 73.)

Sometimes he plays a lute, sometimes a drum,
To tempt or terrify.

ELSIE. What is this picture?

PRINCE HENRY. It is a young man singing to a nun,
Who kneels at her devotions, but in kneeling
Turns round to look at him; and Death, meanwhile,
Is putting out the candles on the altar!

ELSIE. Ah, what a pity 't is that she should listen
Unto such songs, when in her orisons
She might have heard in heaven the angels singing!

PRINCE HENRY. Here he has stolen a jester's cap and bells,
And dances with the Queen.

ELSIE. A foolish jest!

PRINCE HENRY. And here the heart of the new-wedded wife,
Coming from church with her beloved lord,
He startles with the rattle of his drum.

ELSIE. Ah, that is sad! And yet perhaps 't is best

32. *Candles.* Some of the pictures at Lucerne are supposed to have been suggested by, if not directly copied from, Holbein's designs. The picture here referred to corresponds to No. 24 in that series, engraved in Douce's *Holbein's Dance of Death*, and accessible by photographic reproduction. It has been said that the young man playing the guitar in Holbein's design represents the artist himself. It is possible that in Othello's exclamation (v. 2), "Put out the light, and then — put out the light!" Shakespeare recalled a picture similar to this, as the Dance of Death was represented by a series of paintings in the cloister of old St. Paul's Cathedral, London. The custom of having lights burning on the altar during the performance of religious worship is an ancient one, and expresses joy; also the descent of the Holy Ghost, in the form of cloven tongues as of fire, on the Day of Pentecost.

37. *Queen.* This corresponds to No. 11 of Holbein's designs, with an inscription in Latin from *Isaiah* xxxii. 9. In the queen the artist is said to have painted the portrait of Eleanor, wife of Francis I. of France. The figure of Death in the jester's attire was borrowed by Holbein from the Basle series.

39. *Wife.* This is No. 35 of Holbein's series, with the Latin motto (*Ruth* i. 17), *Me et te sola mors separabit.*

That she should die, with all the sunshine on her,
And all the benedictions of the morning,
Before this affluence of golden light
Shall fade into a cold and clouded gray,
Then into darkness!

PRINCE HENRY. Under it is written,
"Nothing but death shall separate thee and me!"

ELSIE. And what is this, that follows close upon it?

PRINCE HENRY. Death, playing on a dulcimer. Behind him,
A poor old woman, with a rosary,
Follows the sound, and seems to wish her feet
Were swifter to o'ertake him. Underneath,
The inscription reads, "Better is Death than Life."

ELSIE. Better is Death than Life! Ah yes! to thousands
Death plays upon a dulcimer, and sings
That song of consolation, till the air
Rings with it, and they cannot choose but follow
Whither he leads. And not the old alone,
But the young also hear it, and are still.

PRINCE HENRY. Yes, in their sadder moments. 'T is the sound
Of their own hearts they hear, half full of tears,
Which are like crystal cups, half filled with water,
Responding to the pressure of a finger
With music sweet and low and melancholy.
Let us go forward, and no longer stay
In this great picture-gallery of Death!
I hate it! ay, the very thought of it!

51. *Dulcimer.* This is No. 25 of Holbein's series, with the motto from *Ecclesiastes* iv. 2, *Melior est mors quam vita.* These mottoes are a relic of the morality-play, in which Death holds a brief conversation with the persons whom he is carrying away.

ELSIE. Why is it hateful to you?

PRINCE HENRY. For the reason
That life, and all that speaks of life, is lovely,
And death, and all that speaks of death, is hateful.

ELSIE. The grave itself is but a covered bridge,
Leading from light to light, through a brief darkness!

PRINCE HENRY, *emerging from the bridge.* I breathe again more freely! Ah, how pleasant
To come once more into the light of day,
Out of that shadow of death! To hear again
The hoof-beats of our horses on firm ground,
And not upon those hollow planks, resounding
With a sepulchral echo, like the clods
On coffins in a churchyard! Yonder lies
The Lake of the Four Forest-Towns, apparelled
In light, and lingering, like a village maiden,
Hid in the bosom of her native mountains,
Then pouring all her life into another's,
Changing her name and being! Overhead,
Shaking his cloudy tresses loose in air,
Rises Pilatus, with his windy pines.

They pass on.

83. *Forest-Towns.* The Lake of Lucerne, originally called the Lake of the Four Cantons (*Stätte*) of Lucerne, Uri, Unterwalden, and Schwytz, for which the poet substitutes the word "Towns" (*Städte*).

89. *Pilatus. Mons Pileatus*, the capped mountain, because often covered with mists from the north and northwest, which made ascent of it perilous. Connected with the name *Pilatus* are many legends of Pontius Pilate, who in his remorse was thought to have fled hither and cast himself into a small lake on the summit of the mountain. All the sudden storms which sweep over the Lake of Lucerne were attributed to him, and for many centuries a severe punishment awaited those who dared approach the mountain lake and provoke the spirit to which such calamities were supposed to be due.

THE DEVIL'S BRIDGE.*

PRINCE HENRY *and* ELSIE *crossing, with attendants.*

GUIDE. This bridge is called the Devil's Bridge.
With a single arch, from ridge to ridge,
It leaps across the terrible chasm
Yawning beneath us, black and deep,
As if, in some convulsive spasm,
The summits of the hills had cracked,
And made a road for the cataract,
That raves and rages down the steep!

LUCIFER, *under the bridge.* Ha! ha!

GUIDE. Never any bridge but this
Could stand across the wild abyss;
All the rest, of wood or stone,
By the Devil's hand were overthrown.
He toppled crags from the precipice,
And whatsoe'er was built by day
In the night was swept away;
None could stand but this alone.

LUCIFER, *under the bridge.* Ha! ha!

GUIDE. I showed you in the valley a boulder
Marked with the imprint of his shoulder;
As he was bearing it up this way,
A peasant, passing, cried, "Herr Jé!"
And the Devil dropped it in his fright,
And vanished suddenly out of sight!

LUCIFER, *under the bridge.* Ha! ha!

* The old bridge, the eighth over the Reuss on the St. Gotthard, was replaced for travel by a new one in 1830, but still stands below it, covered with moss kept green by the spray from the fall one hundred feet in height.

111. *Herr Jé.* A common German ejaculation, contracted from *Herr Jesus*, which, in the instance alluded to, had the effect of an exorcism.

GUIDE. Abbot Giraldus of Einsiedel,
For pilgrims on their way to Rome,
Built this at last, with a single arch,
Under which, on its endless march,
Runs the river, white with foam,
Like a thread through the eye of a needle.
And the Devil promised to let it stand,
Under compact and condition
That the first living thing which crossed
Should be surrendered into his hand,
And be beyond redemption lost.

LUCIFER, *under the bridge.* Ha! ha! perdition!

GUIDE. At length, the bridge being all completed,
The Abbot, standing at its head,
Threw across it a loaf of bread,
Which a hungry dog sprang after,
And the rocks reëchoed with the peals of laughter
To see the Devil thus defeated!

They pass on.

LUCIFER, *under the bridge.* Ha! ha! defeated!
For journeys and for crimes like this
I let the bridge stand o'er the abyss!

115. *Einsiedel.* Fords were often seized by feudal oppressors to plunder travellers, but when pilgrimages became common the Church established bridges and secured safe passage over them. Einsiedeln is a town in Canton Schwytz, largely composed of inns for pilgrims who visit the abbey founded there in the time of Charlemagne. Next to St. Gall, it was the richest monastery in Switzerland; its abbot was a prince of the empire; it contained a sacred image of the Madonna, and was annually visited by 150,000 pilgrims.

132. *Defeated.* The ancients found divinities in all the manifestations of nature (p. 145, note); mediæval Christianity converted them into demons, and many legends are told of the opposition of these water-spirits or demons to bridge-building, and of the sacrifices necessary to baffle them. "Devil's-bridges" are common in Germany and Switzerland, and the legend of the poem is also associated with the bridge over the Danube at Ratisbon, on which are carved figures of the dog, cock, and hen, — "the first living things to cross."

THE ST. GOTTHARD PASS.*

PRINCE HENRY. This is the highest point. Two ways the rivers
Leap down to different seas, and as they roll
Grow deep and still, and their majestic presence
Becomes a benefaction to the towns
They visit, wandering silently among them,
Like patriarchs old among their shining tents.
ELSIE. How bleak and bare it is! Nothing but mosses
Grow on these rocks.
PRINCE HENRY. Yet are they not forgotten;
Beneficent Nature sends the mists to feed them.
ELSIE. See yonder little cloud, that, borne aloft
So tenderly by the wind, floats fast away
Over the snowy peaks! It seems to me
The body of St. Catherine, borne by angels!
PRINCE HENRY. Thou art St. Catherine, and invisible angels
Bear thee across these chasms and precipices,
Lest thou shouldst dash thy feet against a stone!

* From the summit of the pass, 6,507 feet above the sea, the Reuss flows into the Rhine, and thence into the North Sea; the Ticino into Lago Maggiore and the Mediterranean. This pass was the most frequented of all the routes over the Alps until the construction of the roads over the passes of the Simplon and Splügen in the present century. As elsewhere, a *hospice* stood on the summit for the entertainment of travellers, comparatively disused since the opening of the railway tunnel in 1880.

149. *St. Catherine*, of Alexandria, the Christian Hypatia, patroness of education and colleges, a relative of Constantine the Great, suffered martyrdom under Maxentius in the fourth century, according to the *Aurea Legenda*. After a futile attempt to execute her between wheels set with knives, she was beheaded, and angels bore her body to the top of Mt. Sinai, where it was entombed. Her history, particularly the legend of her mystic marriage to the Infant Jesus, formed a favorite subject of art. (*v. Sacred and Legend. Art* ii. 467.)

ELSIE. Would I were borne unto my grave, as she was,
Upon angelic shoulders! Even now
I seem uplifted by them, light as air!
What sound is that?

PRINCE HENRY. The tumbling avalanches!

ELSIE. How awful, yet how beautiful!

PRINCE HENRY. These are
The voices of the mountains! Thus they ope
Their snowy lips, and speak unto each other,
In the primeval language, lost to man.

ELSIE. What land is this that spreads itself beneath us?

PRINCE HENRY. Italy! Italy!

ELSIE. Land of the Madonna!
How beautiful it is! It seems a garden
Of Paradise!

PRINCE HENRY. Nay, of Gethsemane
To thee and me, of passion and of prayer!
Yet once of Paradise. Long years ago
I wandered as a youth among its bowers,
And never from my heart has faded quite
Its memory, that, like a summer sunset,
Encircles with a ring of purple light
All the horizon of my youth.

GUIDE. O friends!
The days are short, the way before us long;

165. *Land of the Madonna.* Because art and music have nowhere been expressed with deeper fervor in the service of the Roman Catholic Church, especially in veneration of the Madonna, than in Italy.

171. *Bowers.* An autobiographical reminiscence. Longfellow's first trip to Europe, in 1827-29, included a year in Italy, to which he devoted a part of *Outre-Mer*.

We must not linger, if we think to reach
The inn at Belinzona before vespers!

They pass on.

AT THE FOOT OF THE ALPS.

A halt under the trees at noon.

PRINCE HENRY. Here let us pause a moment in the trembling
Shadow and sunshine of the roadside trees,
And, our tired horses in a group assembling,
Inhale long draughts of this delicious breeze.
Our fleeter steeds have distanced our attendants;
They lag behind us with a slower pace;
We will await them under the green pendants
Of the great willows in this shady place.
Ho, Barbarossa! how thy mottled haunches
Sweat with this canter over hill and glade!
Stand still, and let these overhanging branches
Fan thy hot sides and comfort thee with shade!

ELSIE. What a delightful landscape spreads before us,
Marked with a whitewashed cottage here and there!
And, in luxuriant garlands drooping o'er us,
Blossoms of grape-vines scent the sunny air.

PRINCE HENRY. Hark! what sweet sounds are those, whose accents holy
Fill the warm noon with music sad and sweet!

ELSIE. It is a band of pilgrims, moving slowly
On their long journey, with uncovered feet.

179. *Belinzona.* A Swiss city with the aspect of an Italian town, near the head of Lago Maggiore; one of the three capitals of the Canton of Tessin or Ticino, commanding strategically the route from Lombardy to Germany.

198. *Pilgrims.* Longfellow describes such a procession, with all the ac-

PILGRIMS, *chanting the Hymn of St. Hildebert.*

Me receptet Sion illa,
Sion David, urbs tranquilla,
Cujus faber auctor lucis,
Cujus portæ lignum crucis,
Cujus claves lingua Petri,
Cujus cives semper læti,
Cujus muri lapis vivus,
Cujus custos Rex festivus!

LUCIFER, *as a Friar in the procession.* Here am
I, too, in the pious band,
In the garb of a barefooted Carmelite dressed!
The soles of my feet are as hard and tanned

cessories of mediæval pilgrims, in *Outre-Mer*, 338. It was customary for the pilgrims to associate in companies, and they strove to shorten the way by song and music, sometimes hiring a few singers and one or two musicians to accompany them. Pilgrimages were generally made in the spring, often beginning during Lent. The author of *Scenes and Characters of the Middle Ages* quotes interesting narratives concerning the dress and conduct of pilgrims (pp. 176–94).

200. *St. Hildebert.* A French prelate, born in 1057; archbishop of Tours, 1125; died 1134. He composed in exile more than 10,000 lines of versification of Scripture and legends of the saints. This hymn is taken from a prayer to the Three Persons of the Trinity, and was translated by William Crashaw (*v.* introduction to the poems of his son, Richard Crashaw, II. xxxviii.) : —

"In Sion lodge me, Lord, for pity,
Sion, David's kingly city,
Built by him that 's only good;
Whose gates be of the cross's wood,
Whose keys are Christ's undoubted word;
Whose dwellers fear none but the Lord,
Whose walls are stone, strong, quick, and bright;
Whose keeper is the Lord of light."

The whole poem, in the original, will be found in Trench's *Sacred Latin Poetry*, 323.

209. *Carmelite.* One of the mendicant orders, claiming to have been founded by Elijah on Mt. Carmel. Its institution dates from the beginning of the thirteenth century, and from the color of their habit Carmelites were called White Friars in England.

210. *Tanned.* Pilgrims who were sent on a pilgrimage as a penance, like Friar Cuthbert, were generally ordered to go barefooted, and others volun-

As the conscience of old Pope Hildebrand,
The Holy Satan, who made the wives
Of the bishops lead such shameful lives.
All day long I beat my breast,
And chant with a most particular zest
The Latin hymns, which I understand
Quite as well, I think, as the rest.
And at night such lodging in barns and sheds,
Such a hurly-burly in country inns,
Such a clatter of tongues in empty heads,
Such a helter-skelter of prayers and sins!
Of all the contrivances of the time
For sowing broadcast the seeds of crime,
There is none so pleasing to me and mine
As a pilgrimage to some far-off shrine!

PRINCE HENRY. If from the outward man we judge the inner,
And cleanliness is godliness, I fear

tarily imitated them in order to heighten the merit and efficacy of their good deed. The special insignia of a pilgrim were the staff and scrip, the latter being a small bag, slung at the side by a cord over the shoulder, to contain the pilgrim's food and his few necessaries.

212. *Holy Satan.* *Sanctus Satanas*, a soubriquet applied to Hildebrand (Gregory VII.), by his friend Peter Damian, "half in jest," says Dean Trench, "because with no misgiving but that his cause was the cause of God, he trampled without pity or remorse on human hearts and their strongest affections, in enforcing the decree of the celibacy of the clergy." (*Lect. on Mediæval Church History*, 130.) There is also an allusion to the fact that Gregory was the first to exact the application of the title *Sanctus* to the Pope, whence the modern "His Holiness."

213. *Lives.* Hildebrand exhorted the people to withdraw their obedience from married priests, which produced a fierce persecution of the offending pastors. Their wives were driven forth with scorn, and many crimes and much suffering followed the disruption. (Lecky's *Hist. of Europ. Morals*, ii. ch. 5.)

223. *Crime.* Milman (*Hist. Lat. Christ.*, Bk. vii. ch. 6) alludes to the irregularities attending pilgrimages, and quotes the saying of St. Jerome against them, that Heaven was as near Britain as Palestine.

227. *Cleanliness is godliness.* Quoted in a sermon by John Wesley; this thought may be traced to rabbinical writers. (*v. Familiar Quotations*, 309.)

A hopeless reprobate, a hardened sinner,
Must be that Carmelite now passing near.

LUCIFER. There is my German Prince again,
Thus far on his journey to Salern,
And the lovesick girl, whose heated brain
Is sowing the cloud to reap the rain;
But it 's a long road that has no turn!
Let them quietly hold their way,
I have also a part in the play.
But first I must act to my heart's content
This mummery and this merriment,
And drive this motley flock of sheep
Into the fold, where drink and sleep
The jolly old friars of Benevent.
Of a truth, it often provokes me to laugh
To see these beggars hobble along,
Lamed and maimed, and fed upon chaff,
Chanting their wonderful piff and paff,
And, to make up for not understanding the song,
Singing it fiercely, and wild, and strong!
Were it not for my magic garters and staff,
And the goblets of goodly wine I quaff,
And the mischief I make in the idle throng,
I should not continue the business long.

241. *Benevento*, a city of Greek origin, was first called by the Romans by the inauspicious name of Maleventum. It is on the Appian Way, forty-five miles northeast of Naples; the capital of a former province of Benevento in Campania.

248. *Magic garters.* They were made of the skin of a young hare cut into strips, between which was sewed the herb called motherwort, cut when the sun was entering Capricorn. The staff was of willow, hollow, and filled with the eyes of a young wolf, the tongue and heart of a dog, three green lizards, the hearts of three swallows, seven leaves of vervain gathered on St. John's Eve, all dried in the sun and placed between two papers sprinkled with pulverized saltpetre. Such a staff was warranted to protect the owner from robbers and wild beasts, and to procure him a good reception on his journey.

PILGRIMS, *chanting.*

In hâc urbe, lux solennis,
Ver æternum, pax perennis;
In hâc odor implens cælos,
In hâc semper festum melos!

PRINCE HENRY. Do you observe that monk among the train,
Who pours from his great throat the roaring bass,
As a cathedral spout pours out the rain,
And this way turns his rubicund, round face?

ELSIE. It is the same who, on the Strasburg square,
Preached to the people in the open air.

PRINCE HENRY. And he has crossed o'er mountain, field, and fell,
On that good steed, that seems to bear him well,
The hackney of the Friars of Orders Gray,
His own stout legs! He, too, was in the play,
Both as King Herod and Ben Israel.
Good morrow, Friar!

FRIAR CUTHBERT. Good morrow, noble Sir!

PRINCE HENRY. I speak in German, for, unless I err,
You are a German.

FRIAR CUTHBERT. I cannot gainsay you.

252-55. *In — melos.*

Here the light doth never cease,
Endless Spring and endless peace;
Here is music, heaven filling,
Sweetness evermore distilling.

Crashaw's Trans.

264. *Orders Gray.* The habit of the Franciscans was originally gray; after the first two centuries the color was changed to dark brown. Hence the name Gray Friars was given to the buildings of this order in London. Benedictines, however, of such houses as Hirschau, wore black, and their buildings in London were called Black Friars; hence Blackfriars Bridge.

But by what instinct, or what secret sign,
Meeting me here, do you straightway divine
That northward of the Alps my country lies?

PRINCE HENRY. Your accent, like St. Peter's, would betray you,
Did not your yellow beard and your blue eyes.
Moreover, we have seen your face before,
And heard you preach at the Cathedral door
On Easter Sunday, in the Strasburg square.
We were among the crowd that gathered there,
And saw you play the Rabbi with great skill,
As if, by leaning o'er so many years
To walk with little children, your own will
Had caught a childish attitude from theirs,
A kind of stooping in its form and gait,
And could no longer stand erect and straight.
Whence come you now?

FRIAR CUTHBERT. From the old monastery
Of Hirschau, in the forest; being sent
Upon a pilgrimage to Benevent,
To see the image of the Virgin Mary,
That moves its holy eyes, and sometimes speaks,
And lets the piteous tears run down its cheeks,
To touch the hearts of the impenitent.

PRINCE HENRY. O, had I faith, as in the days gone by,
That knew no doubt, and feared no mystery!

LUCIFER, *at a distance.* Ho, Cuthbert! Friar Cuthbert!

FRIAR CUTHBERT. Farewell, Prince!
I cannot stay to argue and convince.

290. *Pilgrimage.* This is the penance threatened by the abbot (p. 136); a common form of punishment of clerical or lay sinners. Thus the assassins of St. Thomas à Becket expiated their crime by a pilgrimage to Jerusalem.

PRINCE HENRY. This is indeed the blessed Mary's land,
Virgin and Mother of our dear Redeemer!
All hearts are touched and softened at her name;
Alike the bandit, with the bloody hand,
The priest, the prince, the scholar, and the peasant,
The man of deeds, the visionary dreamer,
Pay homage to her as one ever present!
And even as children, who have much offended
A too indulgent father, in great shame,
Penitent, and yet not daring unattended
To go into his presence, at the gate
Speak with their sister, and confiding wait
Till she goes in before and intercedes;
So men, repenting of their evil deeds,
And yet not venturing rashly to draw near
With their requests an angry father's ear,
Offer to her their prayers and their confession,
And she for them in heaven makes intercession.
And if our Faith had given us nothing more
Than this example of all womanhood,
So mild, so merciful, so strong, so good,
So patient, peaceful, loyal, loving, pure,
This were enough to prove it higher and truer
Than all the creeds the world had known before.

PILGRIMS, *chanting afar off.*

Urbs cœlestis, urbs beata,

324–29. *Urbs — requiro.*

Blessed town, divinely gracéd,
On a rock so strongly placéd,
Thee I see, and thee I long for;
Thee I seek, and thee I groan for.

Crashaw's Trans.

The last two lines are taken from St. Augustine (*De Spiritu et Anima*), *O civitas sancta, civitas speciosa, de longinquo te saluto, ad te clamo, te requiro.*

Supra petram collocata,
Urbs in portu satis tuto
De longinquo te saluto,
Te saluto, te suspiro,
Te affecto, te requiro!

THE INN AT GENOA.

A terrace overlooking the sea. Night.

PRINCE HENRY. It is the sea, it is the sea,
In all its vague immensity,
Fading and darkening in the distance!
Silent, majestical, and slow,
The white ships haunt it to and fro,
With all their ghostly sails unfurled,
As phantoms from another world
Haunt the dim confines of existence!
But ah! how few can comprehend
Their signals, or to what good end
From land to land they come and go!
Upon a sea more vast and dark
The spirits of the dead embark,
All voyaging to unknown coasts.
We wave our farewells from the shore,
And they depart, and come no more,
Or come as phantoms and as ghosts.

Above the darksome sea of death
Looms the great life that is to be,

347. *Sea of Death.* All nations of Aryan descent believed in the earth-encircling Sea or River of Death, which the souls of the departed traversed to reach their future home, the Fortunate Islands. Hence the custom of committing the dead to float down rivers like the Ganges, Nile, or Rhone.

A land of cloud and mystery,
A dim mirage, with shapes of men
Long dead, and passed beyond our ken.
Awe-struck we gaze, and hold our breath
Till the fair pageant vanisheth,
Leaving us in perplexity,
And doubtful whether it has been
A vision of the world unseen,
Or a bright image of our own
Against the sky in vapors thrown.

LUCIFER, *singing from the sea.* Thou didst not make it, thou canst not mend it,
But thou hast the power to end it!
The sea is silent, the sea is discreet,
Deep it lies at thy very feet;
There is no confessor like unto Death!
Thou canst not see him, but he is near;
Thou needest not whisper above thy breath,
And he will hear;
He will answer the questions,
The vague surmises and suggestions,
That fill thy soul with doubt and fear!

PRINCE HENRY. The fisherman, who lies afloat,
With shadowy sail, in yonder boat,
Is singing softly to the Night!
But do I comprehend aright
The meaning of the words he sung
So sweetly in his native tongue?
Ah yes! the sea is still and deep.
All things within its bosom sleep!

The Norsemen placed their heroes' bodies on ships, setting fire to them as they floated seaward on the tide. (*v.* Keary's *Outlines*, 276, 295, and Morris's *Earthly Paradise*, — Prologue.)

A single step, and all is o'er;
A plunge, a bubble, and no more;
And thou, dear Elsie, wilt be free
From martyrdom and agony.

ELSIE, *coming from her chamber upon the terrace.*

The night is calm and cloudless
And still as still can be,
And the stars come forth to listen
To the music of the sea.
They gather, and gather, and gather,
Until they crowd the sky,
And listen, in breathless silence,
To the solemn litany.
It begins in rocky caverns,
As a voice that chants alone
To the pedals of the organ
In monotonous undertone;
And anon from shelving beaches,
And shallow sands beyond,
In snow-white robes uprising
The ghostly choirs respond.
And sadly and unceasing
The mournful voice sings on,
And the snow-white choirs still answer
Christe eleison!

PRINCE HENRY. Angel of God! thy finer sense perceives
Celestial and perpetual harmonies!

403. *Celestial and perpetual harmonies* convey an allusion to the ancient doctrine of the music or harmony of the spheres which originated with Pythagoras; he held that the motions of the spheres produced sounds depending on their distances and velocities, and as these were determined by the laws of harmonical intervals, the notes altogether formed a regular musical scale or harmony. These sounds we do not hear, either because we have been accustomed to them from the first and have had no opportunity of comparing them with silence, or because they are so powerful as to exceed our capacities for

Thy purer soul, that trembles and believes,
Hears the archangel's trumpet in the breeze,
And where the forest rolls, or ocean heaves,
Cecilia's organ sounding in the seas,
And tongues of prophets speaking in the leaves.
But I hear discord only and despair,
And whispers as of demons in the air!

AT SEA.

IL PADRONE. The wind upon our quarter lies,
And on before the freshening gale,
That fills the snow-white lateen sail,
Swiftly our light felucca flies.
Around, the billows burst and foam;
They lift her o'er the sunken rock,

hearing. To the "finer sense" of angels, they were, however, perceptible. The "spheres" were not the heavenly bodies themselves, but crystalline, transparent substances in which the bodies were set, and whose daily revolution made a celestial music, to which Milton (*Hymn to the Nativity*) refers: —

"Ring out, ye crystal spheres,
Once bless our humble ears."

Some have taken the verse, "When the morning-stars sang together," etc. (*Job* xxxviii. 7), as supporting the theory of "the music of the spheres," or the Platonic belief that the stars were living creatures, but the expression is as metaphorical as Shakespeare's assertion (*Merchant of Venice*, v. 1), that "not the smallest orb but in his motion like an angel sings." (*v.* Longfellow's *Occultation of Orion.*)

407. *Cecilia's organ.* Chaucer's "Tale of the Life of St. Cecile," told by the second nun to the Canterbury pilgrims (*v. Works*, Riverside Ed. ii. 68), was drawn from the life of the saint in the *Aurea Legenda* of Jacobus de Voragine. In neither is any mention made of her invention of the organ, which is a later legend, due to the introduction of musical instruments in pictures of the saint by artists of the fifteenth and following centuries.

408. *Tongues in leaves.* Cf.: —

"Our life . . .
Finds tongues in trees," etc.
As You Like It, ii. 1.

413. *Lateen.* A triangular sail used on vessels in the Mediterranean and eastern seas. The felucca is a schooner with a helm which can be applied at either end of the vessel, as occasion may require.

They beat her sides with many a shock,
And then upon their flowing dome
They poise her, like a weathercock!
Between us and the western skies
The hills of Corsica arise;
Eastward, in yonder long, blue line,
The summits of the Apennine,
And southward, and still far away,
Salerno, on its sunny bay.
You cannot see it, where it lies.

PRINCE HENRY. Ah, would that never more mine eyes
Might see its towers by night or day!

ELSIE. Behind us, dark and awfully,
There comes a cloud out of the sea,
That bears the form of a hunted deer,
With hide of brown, and hoofs of black,
And antlers lain upon its back,
And fleeing fast and wild with fear,
As if the hounds were on its track!

PRINCE HENRY. Lo! while we gaze, it breaks and falls
In shapeless masses, like the walls
Of a burnt city. Broad and red
The fires of the descending sun
Glare through the windows, and o'erhead,
Athwart the vapors, dense and dun,
Long shafts of silvery light arise,
Like rafters that support the skies!

ELSIE. See! from its summit the lurid levin
Flashes downward without warning,
As Lucifer, son of the morning,
Fell from the battlements of heaven!

IL PADRONE. I must entreat you, friends, below!
The angry storm begins to blow,
For the weather changes with the moon.
All this morning, until noon,
We had baffling winds, and sudden flaws
Struck the sea with their cat's-paws.
Only a little hour ago
I was whistling to Saint Antonio
For a capful of wind to fill our sail,
And instead of a breeze he has sent a gale.
Last night I saw Saint Elmo's stars,

452. *Flaws.* The word flaw is of Scandinavian origin, and signifies a sudden gust of wind, or of snow, rain, or hail, which comes suddenly and as suddenly ceases. It is used with that meaning in *Hamlet*, v . 1 ; *Coriolanus*, v. 3 ; *II. Henry IV.* iv. 4 ; *II. Henry VI.* iii. 1 ; and *Pericles*, iii. 1 ; also in Tennyson's *Enid*.

453. *Cat's-paws.* A nautical term, used of a light and occasional breeze which ruffles the surface of the sea during weather otherwise calm.

455. *Whistling.* As a part of ancient superstition concerning the power of evil spirits over rain and tempests, already alluded to (*v.* p. 105, note), sailors seldom whistled on ship-board, esteeming that to be a mocking of the Devil, who would therefore in rage stir up the wind. They sometimes, however, practised it during a dead calm, and this custom, not uncommon now with English sailors, was a direct invocation to "the prince of the power of the air" to exert himself in their behalf. Later, a saint takes the place of the demon, and the *padrone* whistles to one of the patron saints of travellers, St. Antony of Padua. (*v.* Baring-Gould's *Lives of the Saints*, June, 181.)

458. *St. Elmo's stars.* Electric lights seen occasionally on the masts of vessels before and after a storm. (*v.* Horace's *Odes*, i. 12, 27, and *The Tempest*, i. 2.) They were called by the ancients "Castor and Pollux," from the flames of fire which played round the heads of "the great twin brethren" during the Argonautic expedition. Dryden, in the *Song of a Scholar and his Mistress*, speaks of St. Hermo's fire, a name derived from St. Erasmus or Elmo, an Italian bishop, who suffered martyrdom, A. D. 296, at Formiæ, now Mola di Gaeta, to whom the cathedral of that city is dedicated, and from whom the castle of St. Elmo in Naples is named. Mrs. Jameson (*Sacred and Legendary Art*, ii. 328) says that the saint is famous on the shores of the Mediterranean, in Spain, and Sicily, where the mariners invoke him against storm and tempest; but the probable connection of his name with the electric light is derived by the Bollandists (*Vitæ Sanctorum*) from the following tradition: St. Elmo, bishop of Burgos, in Spain, started one dark, stormy night, to visit Ranco, bishop of Auvergne. Lighting a candle, he gave it to a boy to carry, and bade him lead the way. The rain fell in torrents, the winds were furious and gusty, but the

With their glimmering lanterns, all at play
On the tops of the masts and the tips of the spars,
And I knew we should have foul weather to-day.
Cheerly, my hearties! yo heave ho!
Brail up the mainsail, and let her go
As the winds will and Saint Antonio!

Do you see that Livornese felucca,
That vessel to the windward yonder,
Running with her gunwale under?
I was looking when the wind o'ertook her.
She had all sail set, and the only wonder
Is, that at once the strength of the blast
Did not carry away her mast.
She is a galley of the Gran Duca,
That, through the fear of the Algerines,*
Convoys those lazy brigantines,
Laden with wine and oil from Lucca.
Now all is ready, high and low;
Blow, blow, good Saint Antonio!
Ha! that is the first dash of the rain,
With a sprinkle of spray above the rails,

candle burned brilliantly and without flickering, though neither inclosed in a lantern nor otherwise protected. Hence the Spaniards call the electric light on mast-heads *Corpos Santo*, and say, "It is St. Elmo."

465. *Livornese.* Of Livorno, called in English Leghorn, an Italian port; it was a small fishing village of a few hundred inhabitants until the middle of the sixteenth century, when it inherited the commerce of Pisa, and was encouraged by the Medici.

472. *Gran Duca.* The Grand Duke of Tuscany. Tuscany, the old Etruria, was divided into powerful commonwealths in the Middle Ages, but was united under the family of the Medici, Cosmo dei Medici being made grand duke by the pope in 1569.

475. *Lucca.* Lucca was one of these aristocratic commonwealths, and was an independent duchy until 1799. Upon the fall of Napoleon it was annexed to Tuscany, one sixth of the territory of which is planted with vines and olives. Frederick II. was the first to make a profit out of the industries of his subjects by monopolies, trading in the corn and olive-oil of his Italian states.

* *Vide* page 195.

Just enough to moisten our sails,
And make them ready for the strain.
See how she leaps, as the blasts o'ertake her,
And speeds away with a bone in her mouth!
Now keep her head toward the south,
And there is no danger of bank or breaker.
With the breeze behind us, on we go;
Not too much, good Saint Antonio!

VI.

THE SCHOOL OF SALERNO.*

A travelling Scholastic affixing his Theses to the gate of the College.†

SCHOLASTIC. There, that is my gauntlet, my banner, my shield,

* Salerno, a seaport of 20,000 inhabitants, on the Gulf of that name, thirty-three miles southeast of Naples, occupies the site of an ancient Greek colony and of the Roman city Salernum, founded 194 B. C., to check the Picentines. It was the seat of a bishopric in the sixth century, and, at the end of the seventh, of a Benedictine monastery, this order having taken an advanced position in the monastic study of medicine, which previously was a mixture of magic and superstition. From that time a school grew up, in which medicine was taught, as well as law and philosophy, but the "University of Salerno," which was entirely under secular control, was founded in 1150. In the ninth century Salernitan physicians were spoken of, and the city was known as *Civitas Hippocratica*, and was called later, by Petrarch, "the fountain of medicine," *fons medicinæ*. Royal personages resorted to it for treatment, as Duke William of Normandy (William the Conqueror), and the Emperor Henry II. It reached its highest reputation during the crusades, and had declined by the middle of the fourteenth century, being obscured by the fame of the universities of Bologna and Paris, and the foundation of the schools of Naples and Montpellier. It was dissolved by an edict of Napoleon in 1811. (*v.* p. 195.)

† It was part of the philosophic knight-errantry of the times in which the action of this poem is laid, that doctors should travel from school to school, inviting discussions, especially on the great conflict between Nominalism and Realism. This scholastic is a Nominalist, and is attacking the pantheistic ideas of the Realists, of whom John Scotus was a leader. (*v.* Milman's *Lat. Christ.*, Bk. xiv. ch. 3.)

1. *Gauntlet.* The glove was employed as a token of a challenge to fight, as a

Hung up as a challenge to all the field!
One hundred and twenty-five propositions,
Which I will maintain with the sword of the tongue
Against all disputants, old and young.
Let us see if doctors or dialecticians
Will dare to dispute my definitions,
Or attack any one of my learned theses.
Here stand I; the end shall be as God pleases.
I think I have proved, by profound researches,
The error of all those doctrines so vicious
Of the old Areopagite Dionysius,
That are making such terrible work in the churches,
By Michael the Stammerer sent from the East,
And done into Latin by that Scottish beast,
Johannes Duns Scotus, who dares to maintain,

symbol of the courage of the hand that wore it. Hence to hang up a glove in a church was a public challenge, just as a notice affixed to a church door is a public notice.

9. *Here stand I.* Like Luther, at the Diet of Worms, who, when asked if he still maintained his position, replied, "Here I stand; I cannot do otherwise; God help me; Amen." The scholastic affixes his propositions to the gate as Luther nailed his theses to the church door of Wittenberg.

12. *Dionysius.* Supposed to have been the judge of the court of the Areopagus, before which St. Paul appeared. (*v. Acts* xvii. 19.) Certain works of the Alexandrian school, written about 500 A. D., were attributed to him, as the *Book of the Divine Names*, and that on the Celestial Hierarchy, to which reference has been made. (*v.* note to p. 57.)

14. *Michael the Stammerer* succeeded Leo the Armenian as Emperor of the East, A. D. 820. He sent to the Western emperor, Louis le Debonnaire, a copy of the writings attributed to Dionysius, which were translated into Latin by John Scotus Erigena (not Duns Scotus). These writings contained oriental ideas purged of pantheism. Erigena, however, did not maintain the same reserve as the author, but drew from them a vast system of pantheism. (*v.* Milman, Bk. xiv. ch. 2.) John Scotus Erigena, a native of Ireland (hence his name, Scotia being an ancient name of that country), called by Hallam, in a literary and philosophical sense, the most remarkable man of the Dark Ages, lived in the ninth century. Duns Scotus, born at Dunston, England, from whose name the word "dunce" is derived, founder of the school called the Scotists, surnamed the Subtle Doctor, from his skill as a metaphysician, was a Franciscan friar, professor at Oxford and Paris in the fourteenth century, and the rival of St. Thomas Aquinas

In the face of the truth, the error infernal,
That the universe is and must be eternal;
At first laying down, as a fact fundamental,
That nothing with God can be accidental;
Then asserting that God before the creation
Could not have existed, because it is plain
That, had he existed, he would have created;
Which is begging the question that should be debated,
And moveth me less to anger than laughter.
All nature, he holds, is a respiration

18. *Eternal.* The struggle between the Nominalists and Realists concerned itself with things as they are grouped under common names on the ground of qualities common to them all, hence called Universals. Is the universal a simple conception of the mind, or an external and substantial reality? Is it a name or an entity? To the Nominalist universals were names, to the Realist they were realities. Both sides were denounced at different times as heterodox, but a modified nominalism finally gained the day. (*v.* Trench's *Lect. on Med. Ch. Hist.* 268.) That the universe is eternal is derived from Aristotle, who maintained that motion is eternal, for if the motion had a beginning, there must already have been some motion when it came into existence; for transition from potentiality into actuality, and from non-existence into existence, always implies motion; if there had been a previous motion it must have been without a beginning, or else the series would have to be carried back *ad infinitum.* On the same principle he maintained that time is eternal, for time is related to and connected with motion; there is no motion except in time, and time can only be perceived by motion. In this way Aristotle proved the eternity of the universe, but these doctrines were considered pantheistic at a certain period of the Middle Ages, and the works of this philosopher were condemned at a synod held in Paris in 1209.

20. *Accidental.* According to Aristotle none of the products of nature are due to chance. That which is due to chance does not reappear constantly nor frequently, but all products of nature do reappear either constantly or at least frequently. If the parts of the universe are not accidental, the whole universe cannot be considered as the result of chance. Natural products, again, are not accidental: because they are essential, *i. e.* there is a cause which necessitates that they should be in their actual condition, and on account of that cause they are just as they in reality are.

26. *All nature.* A caricature of the pantheistic reasoning of the Realists. Pantheistic mysticism acquired in the Middle Ages an extraordinary popularity, to which the religious feeling excited by the Black Death contributed. Lecky calls the writings attributed to Dionysius, sometimes called "Pseudo-Dionysius," "the Bible of Mysticism." (*Hist. of Rationalism in Europe*, 344.)

Of the Spirit of God, who, in breathing, hereafter
Will inhale it into his bosom again,
So that nothing but God alone will remain.
And therein he contradicteth himself;
For he opens the whole discussion by stating,
That God can only exist in creating.
That question I think I have laid on the shelf!

*He goes out. Two Doctors come in disputing, and followed by pupils.**

DOCTOR SERAFINO. I, with the Doctor Seraphic, maintain,
That a word which is only conceived in the brain
Is a type of eternal Generation;
The spoken word is the Incarnation.

DOCTOR CHERUBINO. What do I care for the Doctor Seraphic,
With all his wordy chaffer and traffic?

DOCTOR SERAFINO. You make but a paltry show of resistance;
Universals have no real existence!

DOCTOR CHERUBINO. Your words are but idle and empty chatter;
Ideas are eternally joined to matter!

* It was incumbent upon every doctor or master, even before the twelfth century, to hold from time to time a public disputation in the university, at which the doctors, bachelors, and students were present. The presiding doctor took from the text-book a certain passage, which was discussed by the bachelors, the doctor pronouncing a decision. These discussions sometimes lasted a fortnight, and were conducted in Latin.

34. *Doctor Seraphic.* St. Bonaventura, an eminent scholastic theologian, born in Italy in 1221; called the Seraphic from his fervid eloquence. Except Thomas Aquinas he is the most celebrated doctor of the Middle Ages. By the two all previous theological labors were reduced to a system.

42. *Cherubino.* Dr. Serafino represents the Nominalists; Dr. Cherubino the Realists. The Nominalists were often condemned as atheists, the Realists as pantheists. Thus John Huss was condemned as a Realist, which in his time was heresy.

DOCTOR SERAFINO. May the Lord have mercy on your position,
You wretched, wrangling culler of herbs!
DOCTOR CHERUBINO. May he send your soul to eternal perdition,
For your Treatise on the Irregular Verbs!

*They rush out fighting. Two Scholars come in.**

FIRST SCHOLAR. Monte Cassino, then, is your College.
What think you of ours here at Salern?
SECOND SCHOLAR. To tell the truth, I arrived so lately,
I hardly yet have had time to discern.
So much, at least, I am bound to acknowledge:
The air seems healthy, the buildings stately,
And on the whole I like it greatly.
FIRST SCHOLAR. Yes, the air is sweet; the Calabrian hills
Send us down puffs of mountain air;
And in summer-time the sea-breeze fills

* These were the "undergraduates" of the universities, candidates for the bachelor's degree. The next degree was that of licentiate, giving the holder a license to teach; then came that of doctor or master, master being a title of courtesy, doctor that of a profession, as, "Magister Johannes, doctor in theologia."

48. *Monte Cassino.* A celebrated Benedictine monastery, on the summit of a mountain half-way between Rome and Naples, founded by St. Benedict in 529, the parent of all the monasteries of that order. For its services in preserving the classic authors and discovering the writings of such as Pliny, Sallust, and Cicero, and in maintaining the study of literature during the Dark Ages, it was exempted from confiscation by the Italian government in 1873. (*v.*, however, Symonds's *Renaissance in Italy*, pt. ii. 133.) A school of medicine was established there before the ninth century. Most of the sick who resorted to it sought merely to touch the relics of St. Matthew, the patron saint of the convent; but they received there, in addition, the ministrations of a community which had made a serious study of medicine. (*v.* Longfellow's Translation of the *Paradiso*, Canto XXII. notes, and his poem *Monte Cassino*.)

With its coolness cloister, and court, and square.
Then at every season of the year
There are crowds of guests and travellers here;
Pilgrims, and mendicant friars, and traders
From the Levant, with figs and wine,
And bands of wounded and sick Crusaders,
Coming back from Palestine.

SECOND SCHOLAR. And what are the studies you pursue?
What is the course you here go through?

FIRST SCHOLAR. The first three years of the college course
Are given to Logic alone, as the source
Of all that is noble, and wise, and true.

SECOND SCHOLAR. That seems rather strange, I must confess,
In a Medical School; yet, nevertheless,
You doubtless have reasons for that.

FIRST SCHOLAR. O yes!
For none but a clever dialectician
Can hope to become a great physician;
That has been settled long ago.

61. *Pilgrims.* The situation of Salerno, lying towards the south, backed by wooded mountains covered with medicinal herbs and supplied with excellent water, was noted in ancient times for its salubrity, and pilgrimages of the sick began to be made to it as early as the beginning of the ninth century. Being the capital of a province and one of the strongholds of the House of Hohenstaufen, it shared the activity of the crusades, particularly of the one contemporary with the action of this poem, under Frederick II.

68. *Logic.* The poet here quotes from the rules established for the school of Salerno by the Emperor Frederick, which will be found epitomized in Sprengel's *Geschichte der Arzneikunde*, ii. ch. 7. In the mediæval universities the studies of the first course, the *Trivium*, included grammar, logic, and rhetoric, being those which concerned man in his relations to his fellow-man. Those of the *Quadrivium*, the higher division of the seven liberal arts, were music, arithmetic, geometry, and astronomy, teaching the student concerning the material world. They all referred more or less directly to theology.

Logic makes an important part
Of the mystery of the healing art;
For without it how could you hope to show
That nobody knows so much as you know?
After this there are five years more
Devoted wholly to medicine,
With lectures on chirurgical lore,
And dissections of the bodies of swine,
As likest the human form divine.

SECOND SCHOLAR. What are the books now most in vogue?

FIRST SCHOLAR. Quite an extensive catalogue;
Mostly, however, books of our own;
As Gariopontus' Passionarius,
And the writings of Matthew Platearius;
And a volume universally known
As the Regimen of the School of Salern,
For Robert of Normandy written in terse
And very elegant Latin verse.

84. *Dissections.* The general plan of treatment taught at the school of Salerno was dietetic rather than pharmaceutical, although the art of preparing drugs had reached a high degree of precision there. Anatomy was but little regarded, but demonstrations of the structure of the body were given on swine, according to the directions of Galen.

89. *Gariopontus.* A professor of the school, who lived in the eleventh century. The works published under his name at Lyons in 1525, including the *Passionarius*, were written in a barbarous mixture of Greek, Arabic, and Latin.

90. *Matthew Platearius*, first of a family of physicians bearing that name, lived at Salerno in the twelfth century, and was called one of the most distinguished of its professors; he was the author of the *Pratica*, or medical compendium. These teachers flourished before the introduction of the Arabian system of medicine.

92. *Regimen.* The maxims of the school of Salerno were collected and abridged in the form of aphorisms in leonine verse in 1110, and were dedicated to Robert, son of William the Conqueror, who visited Salerno for the cure of a wound received in Palestine. These aphorisms remained in vogue long after the school had disappeared.

Each of these writings has its turn.
And when at length we have finished these,
Then comes the struggle for degrees,
With all the oldest and ablest critics;
The public thesis and disputation,
Question, and answer, and explanation
Of a passage out of Hippocrates,
Or Aristotle's Analytics.
There the triumphant Magister stands!
A book is solemnly placed in his hands,
On which he swears to follow the rule
And ancient forms of the good old School;
To report if any confectionarius
Mingles his drugs with matters various,
And to visit his patients twice a day,
And once in the night, if they live in town,
And if they are poor, to take no pay.

101. *Hippocrates.* The most eminent physician of antiquity; born in the island of Cos, 460 B. C. He was the author of several works, and substituted experiment and observation for speculative theories. "The treasures of Grecian medicine," says Gibbon, "had been communicated to the Arabian colonies of Africa, Spain, and Sicily; and in the intercourse of peace and war, a spark of knowledge had been kindled and cherished at Salerno, an illustrious city, in which the men were honest, and the women beautiful." (*Decline and Fall*, ch. lvi.)

102. *Analytics.* The works of Aristotle were also translated by the Arabians, after 1128, and thus introduced in the Latin language to Western science, for until the thirteenth century the Middle Ages were unacquainted with Greek; although at first repudiated by the Church, these writings were soon placed by the Schoolmen almost on a level with the Fathers, so that their author was called "the philosopher," without being named, "Master of those who know," and the forerunner of Christ in the kingdom of nature. His reputation declined with that of the Schoolmen.

111. *Take no pay.* These were among the rules prescribed by Frederick II. No one could practise medicine during this time in the Kingdom of Naples without a rigid examination at the School of Salerno, where he promised on oath to visit the sick twice a day, if necessary, and not to combine with druggists to raise the price of medicine. Following a successful examination the candidate was admitted to the degree of master, and received a license to practise, as here described.

Having faithfully promised these,
His head is crowned with a laurel crown;
A kiss on his cheek, a ring on his hand,
The Magister Artium et Physices
Goes forth from the school like a lord of the land.
And now, as we have the whole morning before us,
Let us go in, if you make no objection,
And listen awhile to a learned prelection
On Marcus Aurelius Cassiodorus.

They go in. Enter LUCIFER *as a Doctor.*

LUCIFER. This is the great School of Salern!
A land of wrangling and of quarrels,
Of brains that seethe, and hearts that burn,
Where every emulous scholar hears,
In every breath that comes to his ears,
The rustling of another's laurels!
The air of the place is called salubrious;
The neighborhood of Vesuvius lends it
An odor volcanic, that rather mends it,
And the buildings have an aspect lugubrious,
That inspires a feeling of awe and terror
Into the heart of the beholder,
And befits such an ancient homestead of error,
Where the old falsehoods moulder and smoulder,
And yearly by many hundred hands
Are carried away, in the zeal of youth,
And sown like tares in the field of truth,
To blossom and ripen in other lands.
What have we here, affixed to the gate?

120. *Cassiodorus.* A Latin historian and statesman, born about 470 A. D.; was the chief minister of Theodoric the Goth; wrote a history of that people; founded, after his retirement from public life, the abbey of Viviers, and composed treatises on the liberal arts for the school which he established there — perhaps the first Church School in Europe.

The challenge of some scholastic wight,
Who wishes to hold a public debate
On sundry questions wrong or right!
Ah, now this is my great delight!
For I have often observed of late
That such discussions end in a fight.
Let us see what the learned wag maintains
With such a prodigal waste of brains.

Reads.

"Whether angels in moving from place to place
Pass through the intermediate space.
Whether God himself is the author of evil,
Or whether that is the work of the Devil.
When, where, and wherefore Lucifer fell,
And whether he now is chained in hell."

I think I can answer that question well!
So long as the boastful human mind
Consents in such mills as this to grind,
I sit very firmly upon my throne!
Of a truth it almost makes me laugh,
To see men leaving the golden grain
To gather in piles the pitiful chaff
That old Peter Lombard thrashed with his brain,

145. *Discussions.* Learned doctors disputed at all hours and in all places, even coming to blows upon such questions as whether one angel illumines another; whether a lower angel dare to speak to one of higher degree; whether the language of one angel is known to another; how many angels can stand on the point of a needle; whether we are bound to love a possible angel more than an actually existing fly, etc.

161. *Peter Lombard.* Born in Lombardy in the twelfth century, studied at Paris, of which he became bishop; died 1160. His chief work, *The Four Books of Sentences*, is a collection of the opinions of the Fathers upon theology and philosophy. It became a standard of authority, and was approved by the fourth Lateran Council, 1215. This and the *Summa* of Thomas Aquinas furnished the texts of the learned world and the Church.

To have it caught up and tossed again
On the horns of the Dumb Ox of Cologne!

But my guests approach! there is in the air
A fragrance, like that of the Beautiful Garden
Of Paradise, in the days that were!
An odor of innocence, and of prayer,
And of love, and faith that never fails,
Such as the fresh young heart exhales
Before it begins to wither and harden!
I cannot breathe such an atmosphere!
My soul is filled with a nameless fear,
That, after all my trouble and pain,
After all my restless endeavor,
The youngest, fairest soul of the twain,
The most ethereal, most divine,
Will escape from my hands forever and ever.
But the other is already mine!
Let him live to corrupt his race,
Breathing among them, with every breath,
Weakness, selfishness, and the base
And pusillanimous fear of death.
I know his nature, and I know

162. *Tossed again.* Because St. Thomas Aquinas wrote *Textus Sententiarum*, a commentary upon, and an amplification of, the *Liber Sententiarum* of Peter Lombard.

163. *Dumb Ox*, or "the Dumb Ox of Sicily," was the nickname given to Thomas Aquinas by his fellow-students of Cologne, because, while they disputed loudly, he remained in his place without a word; his tutor, Albertus Magnus, reproved them, however, saying that the "Dumb Ox" would one day fill the world with his lowing. He was afterward called the Angelic Doctor, and the Universal Doctor, from the extent of his learning, the Father of Monastic Theology, the Fifth Father of the Church, etc. He was the legislator of the mediæval Church and the great light of the Dominican order, as St. Bonaventura of the Franciscans. Born at Aquino, Italy, in 1225, he died at the age of forty-eight. (*v.* Milman, *Lat. Christ.*, Bk. xiv. ch. iii.)

That of all who in my ministry
Wander the great earth to and fro,
And on my errands come and go,
The safest and subtlest are such as he.

Enter PRINCE HENRY *and* ELSIE, *with attendants.*

PRINCE HENRY. Can you direct us to Friar Angelo?

LUCIFER. He stands before you.

PRINCE HENRY. Then you know our purpose.
I am Prince Henry of Hoheneck, and this
The maiden that I spake of in my letters.

LUCIFER. It is a very grave and solemn business!
We must not be precipitate. Does she
Without compulsion, of her own free will,
Consent to this?

PRINCE HENRY. Against all opposition,
Against all prayers, entreaties, protestations.
She will not be persuaded.

LUCIFER. That is strange!
Have you thought well of it?

ELSIE. I come not here
To argue but to die. Your business is not
To question, but to kill me. I am ready.
I am impatient to be gone from here
Ere any thoughts of earth disturb again
The spirit of tranquillity within me.

PRINCE HENRY. Would I had not come here!
Would I were dead,
And thou wert in thy cottage in the forest,
And hadst not known me! Why have I done this?
Let me go back and die.

ELSIE. It cannot be;
Not if these cold flat stones on which we tread

Were coulters heated white, and yonder gateway
Flamed like a furnace with a sevenfold heat.
I must fulfil my purpose.

PRINCE HENRY. I forbid it!
Not one step farther. For I only meant
To put thus far thy courage to the proof.
It is enough. I, too, have strength to die,
For thou hast taught me!

ELSIE. O my Prince! remember
Your promises. Let me fulfil my errand.
You do not look on life and death as I do.
There are two angels, that attend unseen
Each one of us, and in great books record
Our good and evil deeds. He who writes down
The good ones, after every action closes
His volume, and ascends with it to God.
The other keeps his dreadful day-book open
Till sunset, that we may repent; which doing,
The record of the action fades away,
And leaves a line of white across the page.
Now if my act be good, as I believe,
It cannot be recalled. It is already
Sealed up in heaven, as a good deed accomplished.
The rest is yours. Why wait you? I am ready.

To her attendants.

Weep not, my friends! rather rejoice with me.
I shall not feel the pain, but shall be gone,
And you will have another friend in heaven.
Then start not at the creaking of the door
Through which I pass. I see what lies beyond it.

To PRINCE HENRY.

And you, O Prince! bear back my benison
Unto my father's house, and all within it.

This morning in the church I prayed for them,
After confession, after absolution,
When my whole soul was white, I prayed for them.
God will take care of them, they need me not.
And in your life let my remembrance linger,
As something not to trouble and disturb it,
But to complete it, adding life to life.
And if at times beside the evening fire
You see my face among the other faces,
Let it not be regarded as a ghost
That haunts your house, but as a guest that loves you,
Nay, even as one of your own family,
Without whose presence there were something wanting.
I have no more to say. Let us go in.

PRINCE HENRY. Friar Angelo! I charge you on your life,
Believe not what she says, for she is mad,
And comes here not to die, but to be healed.

ELSIE. Alas! Prince Henry!

LUCIFER. Come with me; this way.

ELSIE *goes in with* LUCIFER, *who thrusts* PRINCE HENRY *back and closes the door.*

PRINCE HENRY. Gone! and the light of all my life gone with her!
A sudden darkness falls upon the world!
O, what a vile and abject thing am I,
That purchase length of days at such a cost!
Not by her death alone, but by the death
Of all that 's good and true and noble in me!
All manhood, excellence, and self-respect,
All love, and faith, and hope, and heart are dead!

All my divine nobility of nature
By this one act is forfeited forever.
I am a Prince in nothing but in name!

To the attendants.

Why did you let this horrible deed be done?
Why did you not lay hold on her, and keep her
From self-destruction? Angelo! murderer!

Struggles at the door but cannot open it.

ELSIE, *within.* Farewell, dear Prince! farewell!
PRINCE HENRY. Unbar the door!
LUCIFER. It is too late!
PRINCE HENRY. It shall not be too late!

They burst the door open and rush in.

THE FARM-HOUSE IN THE ODENWALD.

URSULA *spinning. Summer afternoon. A table spread.*

URSULA. I have marked it well, — it must be true, —
Death never takes one alone, but two!
Whenever he enters in at a door,
Under roof of gold or roof of thatch,
He always leaves it upon the latch,
And comes again ere the year is o'er.
Never one of a household only!
Perhaps it is a mercy of God,
Lest the dead there under the sod,
In the land of strangers, should be lonely!
Ah me! I think I am lonelier here!
It is hard to go, — but harder to stay!
Were it not for the children, I should pray
That Death would take me within the year!
And Gottlieb! — he is at work all day,

In the sunny field, or the forest murk,
But I know that his thoughts are far away,
I know that his heart is not in his work!
And when he comes home to me at night
He is not cheery, but sits and sighs,
And I see the great tears in his eyes,
And try to be cheerful for his sake.
Only the children's hearts are light.
Mine is weary, and ready to break.
God help us! I hope we have done right;
We thought we were acting for the best!

Looking through the open door.

Who is it coming under the trees?
A man in the Prince's livery dressed!
He looks about him with doubtful face,
As if uncertain of the place.
He stops at the beehives; — now he sees
The garden gate; — he is going past?
Can he be afraid of the bees?
No; he is coming in at last!
He fills my heart with strange alarm!

Enter a Forester.

FORESTER.* Is this the tenant Gottlieb's farm?

URSULA. This is his farm, and I his wife.
Pray sit. What may your business be?

* In the early Middle Ages when a forest was legally a wooded tract set apart for the king's pleasure, in which forest law was administered in forest courts, to the exclusion of the common law, a forester was an officer who was sworn to preserve the beasts and birds of the forest, chase and warren. In modern Germany, the forest service is a department of state, filled by youth of good family, who are specially trained, at the eight or more forest academies situated in different parts of the empire and controlled by a central office in Berlin, in the science of sylviculture, and the economical management of woodland.

317. *Tenant.* The condition of the German peasantry varied at different times during the Middle Ages (*v.* Freytag's *Pictures of German Life*, second series, I. ch. 1.)

FORESTER. News from the Prince!
URSULA. Of death or life?
FORESTER. You put your questions eagerly!
URSULA. Answer me, then! How is the Prince?
FORESTER. I left him only two hours since
Homeward returning down the river,
As strong and well as if God, the Giver,
Had given him back his youth again.
URSULA, *despairing*. Then Elsie, my poor child, is dead!
FORESTER. That, my good woman, I have not said.
Don't cross the bridge till you come to it,
Is a proverb old, and of excellent wit.
URSULA. Keep me no longer in this pain!
FORESTER. It is true your daughter is no more; —
That is, the peasant she was before.
URSULA. Alas! I am simple and lowly bred,
I am poor, distracted, and forlorn.
And it is not well that you of the court
Should mock me thus, and make a sport
Of a joyless mother whose child is dead,
For you, too, were of mother born!
FORESTER. Your daughter lives, and the Prince is well!
You will learn erelong how it all befell.
Her heart for a moment never failed;
But when they reached Salerno's gate,
The Prince's nobler self prevailed,
And saved her for a nobler fate.
And he was healed, in his despair,
By the touch of St. Matthew's sacred bones;

348. *St. Matthew's bones.* The Cathedral of Salerno, erected by Robert Guiscard, contains an ancient tomb said to hold the remains of St. Matthew.

Though I think the long ride in the open air,
That pilgrimage over stocks and stones,
In the miracle must come in for a share!

URSULA. Virgin! who lovest the poor and lowly
If the loud cry of a mother's heart
Can ever ascend to where thou art,
Into thy blessed hands and holy
Receive my prayer of praise and thanksgiving!
Let the hands that bore our Saviour bear it
Into the awful presence of God;
For thy feet with holiness are shod,
And if thou bearest it he will hear it.
Our child who was dead again is living!

FORESTER. I did not tell you she was dead;
If you thought so 't was no fault of mine;
At this very moment, while I speak,
They are sailing homeward down the Rhine,
In a splendid barge, with golden prow,
And decked with banners white and red
As the colors on your daughter's cheek,
They call her the Lady Alicia now;
For the Prince in Salerno made a vow
That Elsie only would he wed.

URSULA. Jesu Maria! what a change!
All seems to me so weird and strange!

FORESTER I saw her standing on the deck,
Beneath an awning cool and shady;
Her cap of velvet could not hold
The tresses of her hair of gold,

which, with those of St. Thecla and other saints, were brought there from Pæstum in 954, and were believed to perform miraculous cures. As the altar of the chapels of the Roman catacombs was the tomb of a martyr, the custom was early adopted of placing relics of martyred saints beneath the altars of churches, generally the high altar.

That flowed and floated like the stream,
And fell in masses down her neck.
As fair and lovely did she seem
As in a story or a dream
Some beautiful and foreign lady.
And the Prince looked so grand and proud,
And waved his hand thus to the crowd
That gazed and shouted from the shore,
All down the river, long and loud.

URSULA. We shall behold our child once more;
She is not dead! She is not dead!
God, listening, must have overheard
The prayers, that, without sound or word,
Our hearts in secrecy have said!
O, bring me to her; for mine eyes
Are hungry to behold her face;
My very soul within me cries;
My very hands seem to caress her,
To see her, gaze at her, and bless her,
Dear Elsie, child of God and grace!

Goes out toward the garden.

FORESTER. There goes the good woman out of her head;
And Gottlieb's supper is waiting here;
A very capacious flagon of beer,
And a very portentous loaf of bread.
One would say his grief did not much oppress him.
Here 's to the health of the Prince, God bless him!

He drinks.

Ha! it buzzes and stings like a hornet!
And what a scene there, through the door!
The forest behind and the garden before,
And midway an old man of threescore,

With a wife and children that caress him.
Let me try still further to cheer and adorn it
With a merry, echoing blast of my cornet!

Goes out blowing his horn.

THE CASTLE OF VAUTSBERG ON THE RHINE.*

PRINCE HENRY *and* ELSIE *standing on the terrace at evening. The sound of bells heard from a distance.*

PRINCE HENRY. We are alone. The wedding guests
Ride down the hill, with plumes and cloaks,
And the descending dark invests
The Niederwald, and all the nests
Among its hoar and haunted oaks.

ELSIE. What bells are those, that ring so slow,
So mellow, musical, and low?

PRINCE HENRY. They are the bells of Geisenheim,
That with their melancholy chime
Ring out the curfew of the sun.

* Longfellow mentions in the note-book of his first trip to Europe: "I leave untold the wonders of the wondrous Rhine, a fascinating theme. Not even the beauties of the Vautsberg and the Bingenloch shall detain me." — *Outre-Mer*, 359.

414. *Niederwald.* The heights above the vineyards of Rüdesheim and Assmannshausen, opposite Bingen, now crowned by the national monument to United Germany.

418. *Geisenheim*, a town on the right bank of the Rhine, above Bingen, containing a famous vineyard. Charlemagne's wine-cellar was near Geisenheim.

420. *Curfew*, or *Couvre-feu;* a Norman ordinance introduced into England by William the Conqueror, as a means of preventing conflagrations, which were frequent and destructive of life and property. All fires were to be extinguished at eight o'clock in the evening. Hence the bell announcing the hour was called the curfew, as in Gray's *Elegy*. In popular superstition, it was the signal for ghosts to walk, to which Prince Henry alludes on p. 191; also for elves and fairies. (*v. The Tempest*, v. 1; *King Lear*, iii. 4; *Romeo and Ju-*

ELSIE. Listen, beloved.

PRINCE HENRY. They are done!
Dear Elsie! many years ago
Those same soft bells at eventide
Rang in the ears of Charlemagne,
As, seated by Fastrada's side
At Ingelheim, in all his pride
He heard their sound with secret pain.

ELSIE. Their voices only speak to me
Of peace and deep tranquillity,
And endless confidence in thee!

PRINCE HENRY. Thou knowest the story of her ring,

liet, iv. 4.) A writer in *Notes and Queries* says that there is no reason to doubt that the early morning bell and the curfew were, in pre-Reformation times, used for the morning and evening *Angelus*. (*v.* p. 34, note.) The curfew was then called by a Latin equivalent, *Ignitegium*. It is still rung in many villages in England, but has lost its ancient name, being called "the eight o'clock bell."

426. *Fastrada* was Charlemagne's third wife, the daughter of a Frankish nobleman. Her conduct was oppressive and merciless, and produced a revolt of a part of the Emperor's subjects. She died at Frankfort, and her tomb is shown in Mayence Cathedral. Charlemagne then married Luitgarde, a German. Othello (iii. 4) gave Desdemona a handkerchief having the talismanic power of Fastrada's ring. The story of Charlemagne's magic gem is doubtless derived from the Talmudic-Koranic legend of the four jewels given to Solomon, and set in a signet ring, by which he obtained control of the animal and spiritual kingdoms, and which was buried with him, to be guarded by angels till the resurrection day. (*v.* Weil's *Biblical Legends*, 200.)

427. *Ingelheim*, where Charlemagne built a magnificent palace, which he decorated with one hundred columns of marble and porphyry, the spoils of Roman buildings, and with rich mosaics sent him from Ravenna by the Pope, is now a small village, one and a half miles from the Rhine. The site of the edifice, which was the Emperor's favorite place of residence, is occupied by mud hovels and a Jewish cemetery, and the only relics remaining of it are a few fragments of pillars in a church.

432. *Ring*. The gem here spoken of as Fastrada's ring was given to Charlemagne by the Evil One in the form of a serpent, in gratitude for an act of justice done his Satanic Majesty by the Emperor. It possessed the power of making its owner especially loved, and was therefore prized so highly by the Queen, to whom it was given and who knew its virtues, that she placed it

How, when the court went back to Aix,
Fastrada died; and how the king
Sat watching by her night and day,
Till into one of the blue lakes,
Which water that delicious land,
They cast the ring, drawn from her hand;
And the great monarch sat serene
And sad beside the fated shore,
Nor left the land forevermore.

ELSIE. That was true love.

PRINCE HENRY. For him the queen
Ne'er did what thou hast done for me.

ELSIE. Wilt thou as fond and faithful be?
Wilt thou so love me after death?

PRINCE HENRY. In life's delight, in death's dismay,

under her tongue in the hour of death. It was buried with her; owing to its power Charlemagne could not separate himself from the body, but had it exhumed, and carried it about with him for eighteen years. At the end of that time a courtier gained possession of the precious stone, and Charlemagne's affection was at once diverted to him, until, in a fit of anger, the nobleman threw it into a hot spring. Powerfully attracted to the spot where the gem lay hidden, Charlemagne founded upon it the city of Aix-la-Chapelle, where he subsequently resided and was buried. This myth is one of the mediæval stories concerning the gratitude of the Devil towards his benefactors which have been collected in Conway's *History of Demonology*, ii. 395. By another myth, the gem was contrived by one of the magi belonging to the court of Haroun-al-Raschid, and was given by him, when on an embassy to Charlemagne, to Fastrada, who asked for a talisman which should always cause her husband to be fascinated by its wearer. There is no doubt that a talisman was buried with Charlemagne. It was said to consist of a splinter of the true Cross in an antique setting, and was found suspended from his neck when his tomb at Aix was opened in 997; it was presented by the authorities of that city to Napoleon I., who gave it to Hortense, Queen of Holland; it passed at her death in 1837 to her son, afterward Napoleon III., who bequeathed it to the Prince Imperial. The Prince, during the expedition to South Africa, wore it around his neck, where it was found after his death, June 1, 1879, for although the Zulus, after killing him, stripped the body, they left the talisman, which they thought to be a charm, of which they stand in great dread. It was subsequently returned to the Empress. (*v. Harper's Weekly*, August 2, 1879, and *Harper's Magazine*, lx. 21.) (*v.* p. 196.)

In storm and sunshine, night and day,
In health, in sickness, in decay,
Here and hereafter, I am thine!
Thou hast Fastrada's ring. Beneath
The calm, blue waters of thine eyes
Deep in thy steadfast soul it lies,
And, undisturbed by this world's breath,
With magic light its jewels shine!
This golden ring, which thou hast worn
Upon thy finger since the morn,
Is but a symbol and a semblance,
An outward fashion, a remembrance,
Of what thou wearest within unseen,
O my Fastrada, O my queen!
Behold! the hill-tops all aglow
With purple and with amethyst;
While the whole valley deep below
Is filled, and seems to overflow,
With a fast-rising tide of mist.
The evening air grows damp and chill;
Let us go in.

ELSIE Ah, not so soon.
See yonder fire! It is the moon
Slow rising o'er the eastern hill.

456. *This ring.* Mystical significance has from the earliest period been associated with the wedding ring. In its circular continuity, it was accepted as a type of eternity, and hence of the stability of the marriage contract. The Greek and Roman rings were often inscribed with sentences typical of this feeling, and in later times it was customary to engrave within the hoop of the ring a motto or "posy," consisting of a rhymed sentiment. (*v. Hamlet*, iii. 2.) In the Middle Ages, solemn betrothal by ring preceded matrimony. A ring was sometimes given when lovers were about to separate for long periods. (*v. Two Gentlemen of Verona*, ii. 2; *Merchant of Venice*, v. 1.) The wedding ring was placed on the third finger of the bride's left hand, from a belief as old as the Romans that a direct communication existed between that finger and the heart. In Russia the contracting parties exchange rings.

It glimmers on the forest tips,
And through the dewy foliage drips
In little rivulets of light,
And makes the heart in love with night.

PRINCE HENRY. Oft on this terrace, when the day
Was closing, have I stood and gazed,
And seen the landscape fade away,
And the white vapors rise and drown
Hamlet and vineyard, tower and town,
While far above the hill-tops blazed.
But then another hand than thine
Was gently held and clasped in mine;
Another head upon my breast
Was laid, as thine is now, at rest.
Why dost thou lift those tender eyes
With so much sorrow and surprise?
A minstrel's, not a maiden's hand,
Was that which in my own was pressed.
A manly form usurped thy place,
A beautiful, but bearded face,
That now is in the Holy Land,
Yet in my memory from afar
Is shining on us like a star.*
But linger not. For while I speak,
A sheeted spectre white and tall,
The cold mist climbs the castle wall,
And lays his hand upon thy cheek!

They go in.

* Walter von der Vogelweide.

EPILOGUE.

THE TWO RECORDING ANGELS ASCENDING.

THE ANGEL OF GOOD DEEDS, *with closed book.*

God sent his messenger the rain,
And said unto the mountain brook,
"Rise up, and from thy caverns look
And leap, with naked, snow-white feet,
From the cool hills into the heat
Of the broad, arid plain."

God sent his messenger of faith,
And whispered in the maiden's heart,
"Rise up, and look from where thou art,
And scatter with unselfish hands
Thy freshness on the barren sands
And solitudes of Death."
O beauty of holiness,
Of self-forgetfulness, of lowliness!
O power of meekness,
Whose very gentleness and weakness
Are like the yielding, but irresistible air!
Upon the pages
Of the sealed volume that I bear,
The deed divine
Is written in characters of gold,
That never shall grow old,
But through all ages
Burn and shine,
With soft effulgence!
O God! it is thy indulgence
That fills the world with the bliss
Of a good deed like this!

THE ANGEL OF EVIL DEEDS, *with open book.* Not yet, not yet
Is the red sun wholly set,
But evermore recedes,
While open still I bear
The Book of Evil Deeds,
To let the breathings of the upper air
Visit its pages and erase
The records from its face!
Fainter and fainter as I gaze
In the broad blaze
The glimmering landscape shines,
And below me the black river
Is hidden by wreaths of vapor!
Fainter and fainter the black lines
Begin to quiver
Along the whitening surface of the paper;
Shade after shade
The terrible words grow faint and fade,
And in their place
Runs a white space!

Down goes the sun!
But the soul of one,
Who by repentance
Has escaped the dreadful sentence,
Shines bright below me as I look.
It is the end!
With closed Book
To God do I ascend.

Lo! over the mountain steeps
A dark, gigantic shadow sweeps

Beneath my feet;
A blackness inwardly brightening
With sullen heat,
As a storm-cloud lurid with lightning
And a cry of lamentation,
Repeated and again repeated,
Deep and loud
As the reverberation
Of cloud answering unto cloud,
Swells and rolls away in the distance,
As if the sheeted
Lightning retreated,
Baffled and thwarted by the wind's resistance.
It is Lucifer,
The son of mystery;
And since God suffers him to be,
He, too, is God's minister,
And labors for some good
By us not understood! *

* The doctrine that evil is only perverted good (*v.* p. 62) is derived from both Jewish and Christian sources. The rabbis held that all evils are negative, because God cannot *create* evil, all his works being good; sickness, death, poverty, ignorance, etc., are therefore privations of properties. St. Augustine also declares (*Confessions*, vii. 12): "The origin of that evil which I sought to find is not any substance; for if it were a substance, it would be good." This is expressed in a sermon of Dr. South, who calls evil "only a privation or absence of good;" and Emerson says: "Good is positive, evil is merely privative, not absolute;" and, "Evil is only good spoiled in the making." Cf. *Henry V.* iv. 1:—

> "There is some soul of goodness in things evil,
> Would men observingly distill it out."

The poem ends, as it began, with the apparition of Lucifer; but now only as "a dark, gigantic shadow sweeping over the mountain steeps, baffled and thwarted."

ADDITIONAL NOTES.

Page 105, line 28. *Priests in procession.* The Romans, in order to obtain from their gods either rain or sunshine, made processions called *nudipedalia*, because they marched barefooted. The early Christians derided the custom (*v.* Tertullian, *Apol.* ch. 40), but finally imitated it.

Page 109, line 97. *Wine of the Holy Ghost.* Many of the old casks in the cellars of the palace of Würzburg are ornamented with the figures of apostles and saints. The best part of the Stein vineyards in that city is the property of the Catholic Citizens' Hospital. It yields the wine which has been celebrated for some centuries, and is called the "Holy Ghost wine," which is sold only by the steward of the hospital in peculiarly-shaped flasks called *bocksbeutel.* (*v.* Thudicum and Dupré's *Treatise on Wine*, 543.)

Page 111, line 146. *Muscadine* or muscadel (muscatel) is the name of a sweet French grape and wine, so called from the flies (*muscæ*) attracted to the grapes, although Skeat (*Etymological Dictionary*) derives the name from the Latin *muscum*, the Persian *musk.*

Page 125, line 424. The Latin verses of this scene may be translated literally as follows: "Hail! color of clear wine, Of sweet not bitter taste, With thy potency, Deign to inebriate us!"

Line 430. "O! how pleasing in color! O! how fragrant in odor! O! how savory in the mouth! Sweet bond of the tongue!"

Page 126, line 435. "Happy the stomach that thou enterest! Happy the throat that thou waterest! Happy the mouth that thou washest! And blessed the lips!"

Page 127, line 470. "Pour the wine, pour! As if it were a river's waves, Nor seek whence it comes, But pour ever abundantly!"

Page 135, line 637. The student will not attempt to translate the doggerel Latin of these lines, in which words significative of love and war appear "in most admired disorder."

Page 167, line 473. *The Algerines.* In the thirteenth or fourteenth century, says Hallam (*History of the Middle Ages*, Ch. IX. part 2), "a rich vessel was never secure from attack (by pirates), and neither restitution nor punishment of the criminals was to be obtained from governments who sometimes feared the plunderer, and sometimes connived at the offense." Algerine piracy, however, did not begin before 1492, when 20,000 families of Moors and Jews were expelled from Spain, settled in Algeria, and sought revenge in piracy, which was not abated in Europe until the feudal system had been overthrown.

Page 168. *The School of Salerno.* The Benedictine origin of the school is a vexed question. The bulk of authority, says a writer in the London *Academy*, Dec. 25, 1886, seems to support the non-ecclesiastical theory. From the presence of Jews among the professors and students, it is argued that the school was under lay and not severe ecclesiastical control. Nor is it certain that, according to Gibbon, the school owed its origin to Saracenic influence. It is pos-

sible that it was a survival of the lay schools which had not died out between the sixth and the tenth centuries, at which time Latin translations of Hippocrates and Galen began to appear. (For their origin *v.* Stillé's *Studies in Mediæval History*, 361.) Another writer in the *Academy* (Jan. 1, 1887), quoting De Rienzi, author of a standard work on the School of Salerno, asserts that the medicine of the earliest Salerno doctors whose works survive is purely Hippocratic. The school shows no trace of Arabic influence until about 1180, and it did not become predominant until the middle of the following century, when the unique prestige of the school was beginning to decline.

Pages 188, 189, note to *Fastrada's Ring.* When Otto III. opened Charlemagne's tomb in 997, he gave the emperor's talisman to the city of Aix, where it was preserved for centuries as the most valued relic of the municipality, until the authorities presented it to Napoleon I.

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